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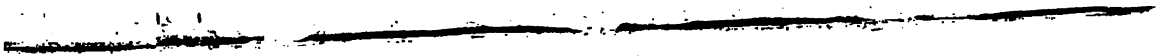

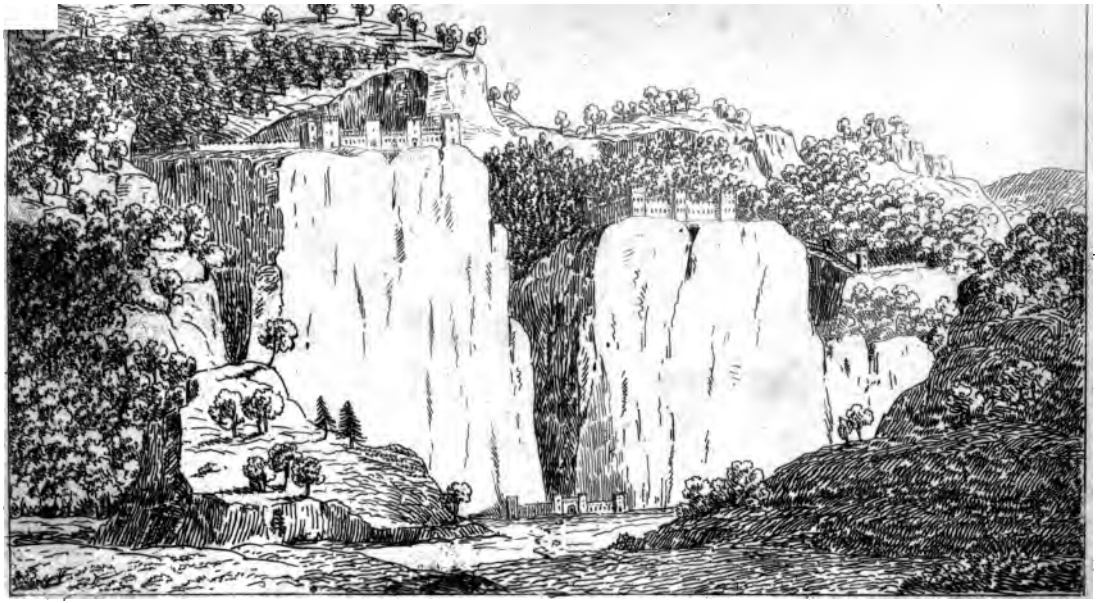

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The Castles of Wolfnorth and Mont Eagle

"A TALE OF THE TIMES OF OLD,
AND THE DEEDS OF DAYS OF OTHER YEARS."

BY

St. Ann.

[illegible]

THE

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The Castles of Wolfnorth and Mont Eagle.

Chap. I.

"Oh! that I might be freed from his love! that I might rejoice in the presence of Nathos! Blest are the rocks of Etha! they will behold his steps in the chace! they will see his white bosom, when the wind lifts his flowing air."

Ossian.

The third day was appropriated by the Baron, (who was ever anxious to encourage the younger class of warriors) to the esquires, and to such as, being knights, still bore the office of esquires. There were three prizes to be given---the first, a very magnificent pair of silver spurs, no way inferior in workmanship to those of the knights: the second, a handsome sword: the third, a bit of silver. The Countess Ermengarda, dreading lest her hand should bestow a prize on some un-

knighted hero, waved awarding any of the prizes. Ethelburga felt a particular gratification in thus giving encouragement to youth and valour; she was to bestow the first prize, Augustine d'Aubigny the second, and the Lady Adela the third.

Although the young Baroness could scarce sustain the weight of woe she felt o'erpress her heart, she dressed her countenance in a serene smile, and entered the saloon, where she found Sir Philip alone; he was leaning against the casement in a melancholy attitude, and started when she entered.

'My love, my Ethelburga!' (he said) 'I have long wished extremely to enjoy a 'few moments conversation with you. I 'know, my sweet young pupil, the natural 'amiability of your heart will make you 'the dupe of the designing; all unsuspi- 'cious as you are, Ethelburga, I must 'entreat you to beware of the young Fitz 'Arnulf---' She started; the colour fled her

her cheeks, and the smile on her countenance fled away affrighted by the pang which darted through her heart---'Oh, 'Ethelburga! I pray God these emotions 'are not the effects of love!---'

'Of love!' (faintly repeated Ethelburga, who, unconscious of the passion, started in terror and amazement at the sound), 'love! my Fitz Aubrey! oh, 'do you suppose a passion so inimical 'to my father's will should invade my bo-'som?—'

That will now rushed upon her mind, a universal trembling seized her frame, her pale lips refused utterance, and she was unconscious of his presence; but the good Warden, mistaking her silence, thus proceeded—

'This Fitz Arnulf, my love, although 'he possesses a beautiful person and an 'accomplished mind, I fear, within bears a 'vicious, nay, an impious heart! I have 'been taught to hate him! The voice of

'a

'a holy Friar told me a tale of horror of 'him!—a tale, my Ethelburga, which, 'were I to repeat, would turn thy admira- 'tion to disgust and abhorrence!—Oh, my 'child! beware of the fascinations of out- 'ward appearances, and remember, that 'a beautiful form may conceal a deceitful 'heart.'

'Alas! my Fitz-Aubrey,' (replied the afflicted Baroness), 'may not your re- 'mark be as applicable to Lord Fitz Alwy? 'I have been taught to suspect, to hate 'him.' (Sir Philip gazed in agony). 'I 'have been told a character of Sir Eustace, 'from the tongue of gratitude, which is 'far, far from what the pious Friar insinu- 'ated to you—and, lastly, my only friend, 'have we more reason to suspect a part of 'treachery from Lord Fitz Arnulf, than 'from Lord Fitz Alwy?'

'Oh yes, yes;' (cried Sir Philip, in despair), 'oh, my Ethelburga, why must 'I curdle your young blood with words

'so

'so uncongenial to your nature?—the father
'of Fitz Arnulf was a murderer! recollect,
'Ethelburga, the murderer of his brother!
'—a fratricide!—'

'Fratricide! murderer! alas!'—faintly articulated Ethelburga, and, as she spoke, the object of their conversation entered. An involuntary gaze of horror was cast on him by her; she turned away; while the interesting youth, after regarding her with a gaze of incredulity, a burst of generous indignation animated his countenance, and he turned a look of stern inquiry upon Sir Philip; at this moment De Lucy entered.

'Where, my Eustace, have you passed
'your morning?'

The young Knight still gazed on Sir Philip—but he energetically replied—

'Not in the defamation of the guiltless!
'not in aspersing the characters of the in-
'nocent!'—Then lifting up his eyes to Heaven, with an angelic expression, he con-

continued, ---' Oh, unworthy orisons, to 'offer to the just Almighty, upon the 'opening of day !---'

And, turning from Sir Philip, with a tear glistening in his eye, he bowed mournfully to Ethelburga, and quitted the apartment.

The guests now quickly assembled; and when Ethelburga saw the delighted animation of her cousin, as he pressed his future bride to his bosom; and the rapturous emotions of young Stanley, as he gazed on his Augustine; all selfish considerations were banished from her heart, and she joined in the happiness that seemed to reign triumphant.

Eustace's expressive countenance accused her in melancholy and reproachful glances; he sought her not, but seeming to feel that his society was undesired, entered into conversation with his admiring friends; but his heart and eyes lived alone upon the form of Ethelburga. Sir Morcar and

and he appeared to treat each other with mutual confidence: they conversed in private together, and from their looks, Sir Philip guessed that *he* was the object of their conversation.

The appeal of Eustace, so simple, yet so solemn, had reached his heart; and his open undisguised manner, almost banished suspicion and doubt from his mind: then, again, thoughts inimical to his peace intruded, and rendered his bosom a seat of anarchy and confusion.

When they repaired to the court, they found Fitz Alwy and his friends awaiting them: he took his seat by the side of Echelburga, and Sir Philip instantly placed himself on the other, thus completely preventing Sir Eustace from being enabled to converse with her. The young Baron appeared in a great measure restored to health, and he addressed Eustace with mildness and complacency; which was not however answered in so friendly a manner.

Lord de Morthemer seemed determined to persecute Adela with his addresses, although he knew that a few days was to make her the wife of De Mowbray, who now treated him with contempt, and scorned to exercise over him the power nature had endowed him with.

The first who entered the area, anxious to obtain the prize, was Sir Edwert de Dunstaville—and a more elegant and accomplished youth never appeared in the lists: to encounter him, came the brave Ferdinand de Montbouchier, a good and deserving gentleman. Their encounter made many of the knights envious of their manifest skill and valour: this combat was not short, but De Dunstaville remained master of the field. Next appeared in the ring Sir Durant Fitz Osborne, whose tall figure was clad in dark-hued steel, the glittering falcon on his breast; and who bore an argent and azure cross, and a blue scarf decorated his left shoulder: he

yielded

yielded to the superior skill of De Dunstaville. Sir Guy Fitz Piers, who bore gules a croslet sable, next entered: he fought vigorously, and impassioned by malice, was cast into the dust. Now an elegant youth appeared, Sir Erconwald Fitz Thane, esquire of the Earl of Thanet; who bore, or, a green dragon, displayed. His armour was dark-tinted green, and slightly inlaid with gold: a baldrick of vermeil and gold was his only ornament: he rode a black horse, whose trappings were of tyger skin. His countenance was handsome and animated: he was a relative of the Thanet family, and honoured his coat of arms by his brave actions. He nearly overcame Sir Edwert, but at length yielded to his arm; and this young knight feeling fatigued, retired from the ring, fearing, if he remained, to sully the brilliancy of his laurels.

The next who appeared, anxious for conquest, was the brave Walter de Talbot, esquire to Lord de Warrenne: he was clad in

in dark but high-polished steel, and bore a brilliant cross fleury upon his breast: he wore a crimson scarf and plumes; his horse jet black; his manner was commanding, and his handsome countenance more so: he did not disgrace the noble and the ancient coat he bore, which was gules, a lion rampant proper, and a bordure or.

To encounter him, came Sir Clovis de Grenevegles, the handsome esquire of Sir Guiscard de Mont Real: he was accoutred in light-coloured steel, and a scarf of green and gold: on his helm he bore a wheat-sheaf or: he rode a white horse; and on his shield he carried, vert, a golden cross: he fought gallantly, but fell beneath the arm of the noble Walter. Sir Evelyn Fitz Maurice, his fellow esquire, next ventured to encounter him; he was not inferior to his predecessor in beauty and courage, and like him met a similar fate. He was accoutred in light-coloured steel, with

with an azure scarf: he rode a white horse; bore a white plume on his helm; his coat of arms was ermenois, an azure bend. Walter de Talbot, not wishing to gain the prize from the guests, quitted the ring.

An inimitably graceful youth entered it, it was Herbert Fitz John, the friend and esquire of Sir Edwin Montague: he was clad in glittering steel mail, and bore the enamelled peacock on his breast: his scarf was azure: he bore white plumes upon his crest, and his coat was noble; the field gules and azure, charged with three golden lions passant: he rode a dark-hued chesnut. Philip de Howard, esquire to Sir Mortimer, a noble youth, rushed forward to encounter him: his mail was dark steel; he wore no ornament, save a plume of feathers on his helm, gules; and on his shield he bore a most admirable and ancient coat of arms, gules, six croslets sable, and an argent bend; on which

which was a shield or, bearing a gules tressure, and lion passant: his horse was milk-white. This was a noble encounter, in which, however, Herbert was the victor, and would have encountered more knights, had not his gallant and favourite steed sprained himself.

Now entered Sir John de St. John, who had a handsome shield, and would have had a handsome face, had not deceit and malignity contracted the corners of his fine hazel eyes. He rode round the ring in a haughty manner, when a remarkably handsome youth, the cousin of Sir Ethelred, sprung forward to encounter him: he bore the crest of Thanet, whose esquire he was; his name, Sir Eustacius de Mont Rose: a scarf of red, embroidered with gold roses and leaves, became him marvellously, and three black feathers he wore in honour of his beloved Earl, issuing from a golden fleur-de-lis.

He engaged Sir John like a man determined

mined to conquer or die; and to the great delight of his cousin, he laid him in the dust. Sir Lewellin ap Maur shared the same fate; and now appeared Sir Dominick de Stewartville, a portly stranger, who bore azure a gold cinque-foil: his armour tinted blue: the dolphin on his breast, proved that he was the esquire to the Countess of Mont Real. He fought boldly; but Sir Eustacius was too potent for him, he yielded. Sir Armada de Vavasour, attired similarly to the last, and likewise esquire to the Countess, bore three white owls proper, upon a sable field: his scarf black, and his plumes likewise: he shared a similar fate. Mont Rose's challenge was now unanswered, and he retired from the ring.

Now appeared the tall and gallant Edgar of Northwood: his decorations were always the same, light steel armour, a belt of azure across his breast, worked with silver eagles, springing from a ducal crown; and

and his white swan's wings topping his helmet: his beautiful coat of arms now blazed on his shield—it was or, a bend gules, on which were three black falcons, and a gules double tressure. He rode a dark-grey horse, whose cloth was crimson, with a gold tressure border. Nothing could be more open and undaunted than his demeanour, he appeared worthy to be the esquire of such a master as Sir Eustace; and the De Warrennes, as well as his noble master, seemed particularly anxious for his success. Ethelburga likewise watched him with more than common attention, and she wished he might gain a prize, because he was the esquire of Eustace. Sir Carlovin du Lake rode forward to encounter him: his person was slim and genteel, his face pale, his eyes dark-blue, and his hair and brows black as jet. He was in black armour, ornamented with golden studs, and bore the gold harp upon his breast, being an esquire to the Prince

of

of Wales. His baldrick, a massy gold chain; his crest, a chapeau of crimson and gold, on which was a black eagle, chained with gold. His horse black, his trappings crimson: on his shield he bore crimson, a fret or. This knight did the Prince of Wales much credit by this encounter; Edgar was obliged to put forth his utmost skill, which when he did, however, he disarmed him.

Next appeared Sir Lancelot de Wright, who bore light steel armour, the dolphin proper on his breast: a white scarf, and plumes: on his shield, a sable field, and cheveron argent. He fought like a man who well knew how to wield the lance; but Edgar, who appeared to tread in the steps of his renowned master, at length vanquished him.

Sir Osmond Thistlemoor, who by the coronet and golden fleur-de-lis upon his breast, was known to be the esquire of Lord de Morthemer, next entered the ring; his

his height was immense, his person moderately handsome. He had been urged by his master to violence; and on finding himself not able to overcome the rider, he secretly attempted to assail Edgar's horse, and running up with velocity as if by accident against him, the spear entered between the shoulder and breast; the poor animal groaning with anguish, immediately fell, and thereby threw his rider. Edgar led him from the area—however, determined in his own mind not to yield up the conquest.

Now appeared impetuously in armour, tinted dark blue, Cairbar of Tinthomo—as brave a youth as ever drew steel: anxiously did his heart pant for the golden spurs: the coronet and fleur-de-lis upon his breast, proclaimed him likewise the esquire of Lord de Morthemer; and he was indeed a powerful servant to this nobleman, who, when he entered the ring, looked round with a triumphant air.

He rode the most admirable steed in North-

Northumberland, of a fine dark grey, with a small saddle-cloth of gold. This was indeed an obstinate combat, and by a mere accident, the furious Cairbar won the victory from the handsome Henry of Valois.

Sir Norroy Fitz Bertrand next approached; who, to the great vexation of his master and De Dunstaville, was overcome. Edgar, however, who had now obtained another horse, rushed just before Sir Edwert into the ring. He placed his spear in rest with a firm hand, and in three encounters o'erthrew the renowned Cairbar.

Lord de Morthemer could not conceal his disappointment, but solemnly declared that Edgar had bewitched his esquire, and propagated this tale about the court; which, however, rung with praises of the gallant Edgar.

Lord de Warrenne now closed the lists; and Edgar from the hands of Ethelburga received the reward of his valour; and praises were showered on him from the sur-

surrounding multitude, who declared him worthy to be knighted. Sir Edwert de Dunstaville received his prize from Lady Adela; and Sir Eustacius de Mont Rose, from the hands of Augustine d'Aubigny.

Prince Arthur now arose to depart: he expressed his regret at leaving the North in warm and grateful terms; he assured Lord de Warrenne, that, if possible, he would return to bestow the brides, but he feared he should not; and left his cousin the Baron of Penmenmaur to be his proxy. He then took an affectionate leave of Sir Edwin Montague, as likewise did Harold the brave knight of Penrith; and after paying his compliments to Ethelburga, Sir Philip, and Sir Morcar, departed with his train and his esquires. He carried with him for a short time only, Lord Dunthalmo, and Lord Malcolm of Inistore; hoping, by a change of scene, to remove from his heart the effects of his passion. Dunthalmo obliged to obey, retired with reluctance,

and

and cast on Ethelburga looks of adoration and despair; on Fitz Alwy and Eustace looks of sincere hatred; although his glances to the latter were mingled with such a ridiculous degree of good-nature, that Sir Morcar burst into fits of laughter. Sir Philip saw him depart with great pleasure, although he was a great favourite.

The guests now retired to the Castle, which was hurried in preparations for the ensuing nuptials, which were to take place on that day week, and to which Sir Morcar looked forward with the most anxious impatience.

Sir Philip had marked with surprise, that Lord de Warrenne had never invited Fitz Alwy to partake of the festivities of the Castle; and that the presence of the young Baron seemed rather suffered, than desired. And considering the well-known engagements of Ethelburga to him, it created the most unfeigned astonishment and regret. Fitz Aubrey entertained for the

the old Baron the utmost esteem; he determined to ask him his reasons for this marked conduct, which seemed even to strike Fitz Alwy in the most cutting manner. He told Sir Morcar his intention, who immediately repeated to him the story told Ethelburga by Augustine d'Aubigny, concerning the Lady Emma de Lucy. This indeed in some measure lessened his astonishment, for Sir Vortimer's well-known attachment to De Lucy and Sir Eliss precluded the idea that they would be removed to give entrance to Fitz Alwy; and it appeared that these young men bore too great an enmity to each other to meet. — But yet, this did not explain the evident abhorrence of the Baron de Warrenne to the Baron of Mont Eagle, which Sir Philip could in no manner account for.

'Has De Warrenne never divulged the 'origin of his dislike of Fitz Alwy to you, 'De Mowbray?—' said Sir Philip.

'Not

'Not exactly,' (replied the Chieftain); 'dark mysterious hints indeed have passed 'his lips, which are evidently connected 'with the history of Sir Eustace — but, 'however, I am determined not long to 'remain in suspense: the young Knight 'has already expressed the utmost confi- 'dence and friendship for me, and I think 'I could easily engage him to relate to me 'his history, which I shall certainly attempt 'immediately. But I forewarn you, my 'dear Fitz Aubrey, that a scene of iniquity 'will be unveiled concerning your fa- 'vourite; I prepare you for discoveries 'which I am sure will cut you to the 'heart, and which I even suspect will 'urge you to consider of yielding the hand 'of my cousin to Fitz Alwy!'

'Impossible!—' (exclaimed Sir Philip) 'nothing can be of sufficient importance to 'counteract the fulfilment of her father's 'will.'

'Not if he is the actor of a thousand 'crimes?

'crimes? not if you find his heart as black
'as those of his base instruments?'

'Oh De Mowbray! De Mowbray!
'torture me not by such surmises! it must
'not—cannot be—the son of Osmond, my
'friend! my departed Fitz Alwy!—a vil-
'lain!—oh no, no, no,—impossible! I
'will not harrow up my soul with such
'ideas.'

Sir Philip enwrapped himself within his own reflections; De Mowbray read all that was passing in his mind---his restless, his uncertain opinion, vainly endeavouring to argue itself into conviction of Fitz Alwy's innocence.---He saw how agonized were his feelings on the bare supposition of the young Chieftain's guilt; and he determined no more to make him wretched by vain surmises, but to ascertain decidedly the facts that were either to acquit or condemn him.

Eustace, when they retired to the Castle, disappeared for some time with De Lucy and

and Sir Vortimer de Warrenne; Ethelburga saw them arm in arm walking on the terrace beneath: Eustace looked up, he saw the gaze of Ethelburga as she stood regarding them from the window above; she blushed, and Adela kissed her hand to them; they now soon joined them in the saloon.

Eustace, for the first time since the morning, approached Ethelburga, and appearing to have completely forgotten the scene in the saloon, conversed with her in his usual manner. Sir Morcar soon joined them, and in his society the young knight displayed so much urbanity and sweet good-humour, that Ethelburga insensibly emerged from her reserve; she felt all the confidence of her heart return for him, and delighted him by the notice she took of Edgar, whom she distinguished by her conversation; to the great astonishment of Ermengarda, who had never been known to converse with an

unknighted hero, let him be ever so amiable.

This Ermengarda, however, was a subject to the young Baroness of the keenest unhappiness; for her attentions to Sir Eustace were most decided, and more particularly since she had understood that a coronet was his by right. She distinguished him by the most marked conduct; and he was necessitated to return her numerous attentions at least with politeness. Thus she saw Eustace the acknowledged favourite of a beautiful woman, whose hand was sought for by the greatest nobles in England, and whose titles, wealth, and power, rendered her the first match in the country. —How could a youth whose only possessions were valour, beauty, and an empty title; devoid of possessions, vassals, or even the means of support—how could this youth see the honour conferred upon him, without yielding himself immediately to her service; without seeking in the most arduous

arduous manner for an advancement so far above his expectations? These reflections caused an indescribable sensation of anxiety and alarm, which ill agreed with her inward conviction, that love had nought to do with her feelings towards Eustace. As they departed for the banquet, he approached her.---

'May I venture to offer my services to 'the Lady Ethelburga?' he exclaimed.

She trembled, but presented him her hand; as he led her to her seat, he involuntarily pressed it tenderly!—then, feeling conscious of the action, he dared not lift his beautiful eyes to her face, but sighed profoundly, as he placed himself beside her: Ethelburga, on looking up, saw the unhappy Rosalie placed by the side of Lord Guiscard de Mont Real; who appeared determined to make her suffer for the respite she had enjoyed from his persecutions, by now treating her with more officious tenderness than before.

'Poor Rosalie!' (exclaimed Augustine, who was seated between Sir Eustace and Sir Stanley)---'Edwin, present to her this 'apple; if we do not send her some conso-'lation, she will never be able to support 'herself in her present cruel situation.'

The tender-hearted Edwin readily took upon him the office; nor did he observe the arch allusion Augustine had made to *him*. He approached Rosalie, and presented the apple to her; a beautiful glow instantly suffused her countenance, and she raised her eyes with so much tenderness upon him, that the timid glance touched his heart! he started, his cheek was now dyed with crimson, but it was a modest blush of surprise. Mont Real regarded this scene with haughty frowns.

'There are lovelier apples *here*, I should 'imagine, Sir Edwin Montague, however 'your ideas of beauty may have taught you 'to arrogate them to yourself,'——said Sir

Sir Guiscard, with a haughty and impetuous air.

'However Sir Guiscard may think,' (replied Edwin tauntingly), 'the beau-'teous Rosalie may not be of the same 'opinion.'

'If the Lady Rosalie's taste could be 'so degenerate, I have authority to instruct 'her better,'——returned the exasperated Sir Guiscard, taking the apple of contention forcibly from Rosalie.—

'No, Sir, '(said the offended maid), 'your 'intentions are neither authorised or agree-'able——I desire that the apple may be 'returned to me.'

Edwin was about to enforce the obedience of Mont Real; when Augustine, who had overheard all that had passed, called him to come to her---and giving him another apple, said aloud---

'Take this to Rosalie, and she will 'give you one in return.'

He bore the rosy-cheeked gift to Rosalie, who

who taking it with the most bewitching grace imaginable, presented him with the one just given her by Sir Guiscard---

'This, Sir Edwin, Lord Mont Real 'thinks the fairest at the table, it is not 'however fair enough for you; for you 'unite gentleness and an amiability of 'disposition to your beauty.'---

He took it with confusion, but replied with an air of gallantry—

'It is the most beautiful in the world 'to me!—with me, may it for ever bloom!'

'At some other time' (interrupted the furious Mont Real) 'we will settle, Sir 'Edwin Montague, this difference of opi-'nion!'

'Most decidedly!'——replied Edwin with a contemptuous smile; and he now remained by the side of Rosalie.

Ethelburga was happy to see the haughty Guiscard so much annoyed by his presence; his supercilious manner had rendered him no favourite with the De Warrennes, the old Baron

Baron excepted, who seemed determined on the misery of his daughter, by enforcing her to marry Mont Real. Sir Philip greatly rejoiced at the affection Rosalie manifested for his interesting young relative, and secretly planned to bring about a marriage between them; he encouraged the young Rosalie's unfortunate passion for him by dwelling upon his virtues in her presence: Rosalie possessed the highest veneration for Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, and she became each day more attached to Edwin, whom she could no longer avoid seeing understood her not. Her spirits quickly fled, she would hide her head in the young Baroness's bosom and weep, who saw with deep regret that the rose grew paler each day upon her cheek.

Before they parted for the night, Sir Morcar declared his intention of riding over to Wolfnorth on the morrow; he pressed Eustace to accompany him, who

at

at first declined it, but on his earnest solicitations consented to go. Sir Morcar cast on Sir Philip a well-understood glance: it was settled they should stay at Wolfnorth all day, and the next night, accompanied only by Lord de Lucy, Sir Edwin, and their esquires. Sir Morcar now whispered a soft adieu to his Adela, kissed his cousin's hand, and they separated for the night.

The heart of Ethelburga was too far agitated to admit of her enjoying a calm repose: in vain did she endeavour to drive the image of Sir Eustace from her mind—in vain endeavour to believe him all that Sir Philip had pictured; his father having been a fratricide, sounded in her ears as the death-bell to every joy of her heart—

'But Eustace is not a fratricide'---she would softly whisper; and the youth would appear to her all-eloquent in innocence.

nocence. And his generous heart, his beautiful countenance, reigned in spite of reason all triumphantly supreme in her soul.

Chap. II.

"Fingal came in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the deeds of his son. Morne's face lightened with gladness; his aged eyes looked faintly thro' tears of joy."

Ossian.

In the morning the young knights proceeded on their destined ride to Wolfnorth: De Mowbray on their short journey entertained Sir Eustace by relating the history of the Falconberg family; and sought to win his confidence by numerous kind acts of attention and friendship, which the animated expression of his fine countenance proved were the spontaneous effusions of a generous soul.

When they arrived at Wolfnorth, Sir Morcar attended him to the apartments of Fitz Alwy, which it was intended he should occupy;

occupy; and De Lucy retired to those of De Valance.

In the evening, as they were enjoying the most social converse, the good Abbot entered, and Eustace was introduced to him; on seeing him, Father Bertrand started and manifested emotions of surprise.

'I trust I am not *here* condemned un-'heard too!'—said Sir Eustace with a smile, as he gracefully bowed over the Father's hand.

'No, my good youth; Heaven forbid 'that I should condemn thee!—but I 'perceive that you do not recollect me!'—

Eustace looked up.

'Is it possible' (said he with pleasure in his countenance) 'that I see the monk 'whom I had the good fortune to pre-'serve?—'

'The same,' (returned Father Bertrand---then turning to Sir Morcar)---'I see you 'are surprised at this scene—but Sir 'Eustace, I find, was known to me some 'time

around them; and they separated early with regret.

When Sir Eustace retired to his apartment, Sir Morcar followed him; and waving his hand to Edgar, who departed, he thus addressed him.

'Sir Eustace, I can no longer conceal 'from you the interest I take in your 'welfare, or stifle my curiosity to be made 'acquainted with your history; convinced 'as I am that some strange circumstances 'alone could have engendered in your 'bosom a hatred so powerful as I conceive 'you bear the Chieftain of Mont Eagle; 'a man by birth your relative, and who 'has been brought up with you from his 'cradle—Excuse, me, Sir Eustace, for 'the seeming impropriety of my request, 'which so short an acquaintance certainly 'does not warrant; but I hope you will 'believe me, when I assure you that it is 'prompted by the high esteem which, 'in spite of myself, my heart has conceived

'for

'for you since our first conversation; 'and to the sincerity of which, actions, 'not words, shall be the faithful testi- 'monies. And I will acknowledge that, 'was I not well convinced that this rela- 'tion would be highly honourable to you, I 'never should have requested it. Undis- 'guisedly therefore, Sir Eustace, confide 'to me every thing; and I must request that 'you will in a small degree outrage the 'delicacy of your feelings, which I know 'would tempt you to screen the guilty, 'in pity to an amiable young woman. In 'compassion to my cousin Ethelburga, I 'implore you, not to conceal *any thing*. 'It is of the *utmost* importance to her 'happiness, that the *real* character of '*Fitz Alwy* should be known.'

The mention of the Baroness somewhat discomposed Sir Eustace; who however, recovering himself, smiled with the sweetest complacency upon Sir Morcar, and then replied---

'There

'There is no apology necessary to me, 'Sir Morcar de Mowbray, for the interest 'you have done me the honour to feel for 'me: I hope I have never acted in any 'manner that should require concealment. 'Your esteem, Sir, I shall ever conceive as 'one of the most fortunate events of my 'life; and I proudly feel, I have hitherto 'deserved it, and it will ever be my study 'to cultivate it. There is a difficulty, I 'confess, in the task you have so solemnly 'requested of me—but I see you are already 'prepared to hear the truth. It is cutting 'to my heart, to be obliged to paint in 'black and dishonourable colours the cha-'racter of so near a relation as Fitz Alwy: 'but I will undisguisedly state to you the 'whole circumstances of my life, which I 'own are not a little extraordinary, and it 'will require your utmost credulity t 'believe them!——— There is one circum-'stance' (continued Eustace smiling mourn-fully) 'which renders me the utmost satis-'faction;

'faction; it is, that you have given me 'an opportunity of clearing my character, 'which I very early saw was an object of 'doubt, if not abhorrence---particularly to 'Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey. And I shall 'require an explanation, at some future 'period, of the origin of his hatred to me.'

Sir Morcar's heart bled for Sir Eustace---it would be indeed a painful task to inform him, that his father had been a murderer! and the murderer too of Fitz Alwy's! —The word *fratricide* was horrible to the ears of a stranger: what must it not be to those of a child?---He pressed the hand of Sir Eustace in silence; who having begged Edgar to retire to rest, thus commenced his melancholy tale.

History of Sir Eustace Fitz Arnulf.

'My life has hitherto been composed of 'a variety of sorrows and calamities; 'tis

'a

'a portrait *bizarre*. The first incident I can 'recollect, is still perfectly unaccountable; 'it teems however with horror, and is so 'impressed upon my mind that no time 'will ever obliterate it. I remember, when 'quite an infant, a man seizing me 'roughly from my play, and inattentive 'to my cries conveying me to some dark 'room, or cavern: there were many 'present, whose looks terrified me—— 'one of them lifted a poignard to my 'infant breast, while I, although not per- 'fectly sensible of their purpose, struggled 'in vain and awoke the echoing caverns to 'my cries. After some consultation, which 'I understood not, I was taken back 'again, they having first violently intimi- 'dated me from betraying to any one what 'had passed; and I perfectly understood, 'if I did not obey, that I was to be killed.'

'Was this in the Castle of Mont Eagle?' asked Sir Morcar.

'Yes,' (replied Sir Eustace,) 'I never left 'the

'the Castle until I was thirteen years of 'age.'

'Do you know any of the persons who 'were present?'

'No: I was too young; I have in vain 'endeavoured to recall them to my mind—'

''Tis most extraordinary!'———said Sir Morcar, musing.

'The next circumstance that I remem-'ber, is the death of my uncle—I perfectly 'recollect being told, that he was coming 'to Mont Eagle, and that Sir Hilde-'brand—'

'Pardon me' (interrupted Sir Morcar) 'but I must request, for the most important 'reasons, that you will be most *particular* 'in your narrative; who is Sir Hilde-'brand?—'

'He was esquire to my father; now 'the Commander of Fitz Alwy's forces, 'and High Warden of the Castle. His 'person is the most horrible imagination 'can picture; every evil passion seems to

'have

'have contracted his features, which now
'are gloomy and lowering as his heart.
'He is fifty years of age, and wears black
'armour, which gives a more ghastly hue
'to his pale features; from his helm
'descends the red mane, terrible testimony
'I fear of his profession; the eagle is on
'his breast, and an azure ribbon shows
'his station.'

'I now recollect seeing such a man at
'Mont Eagle, his appearance struck me
'with horror.'

Eustace continued; 'Sir Hildebrand
'carried me to Lord Hontercombe and
'Sir Bevis de Wilton; my father was pre-
'sent; they regarded me earnestly for some
'time, then turning conversed in secret,
'and again gazed at me. Lord Honter-
'combe (whom I always hated on account
'of his cruelty to me) took up a lock of
'hair, and said to my father with a sneer:
'"These beautiful ringlets must come off
'"however, he will do much better with-

'"out

'"out them," and covering my hair gazed
'at me for some time, and seemed pleased
'with my appearance; my father retired,
'and getting a pair of scissars, he and Sir
'Bevis soon completely cut the hair from
'my head. I was now suffered to return,
'and I then heard of my poor uncle's death.'

'Did you ever hear the manner of his
'death?——' (asked Sir Morcar.) 'Yes',
(returned Eustace with tears in his eyes)
'I heard that a flash of lightning struck
'him on the temple as he returned home
'through the forest. I recollect all being
'confusion, and following my uncle to the
'grave! I recollect Lord Hontercombe's
'hand being for a long time bound up, as
'well as Sir Hildebrand's—and Sir Rin-
'val, a poor but noble retainer of my un-
'cle's who lived at Mont Eagle, said it
'was a judgment on them.——'

'Where is Sir Rinval?' asked Sir Mor-
car in great emotion. 'Alas! poor old
'man, he is no more!——' Sir Morcar
paced

paced the room with sentences of disappointment bursting from his lips. At length he re-seated himself; Eustace continued—

'I once heard Lord Hontercombe say to 'Sir Bevis—"That infernal dog nearly '"did for me"——(Sir Morcar shuddered). 'My father ever treated me in 'the most cruel manner; and after this in-'cident whenever I appeared, he cried 'out and covered his face with his hands. 'Shortly I was forbid the state apartments, 'and confined entirely to a tower and 'some adjoining apartments: this, how-'ever, did not grieve me much, for I was 'an object whom they delighted to deride. 'Ethelmorne was always my father's fa-'vourite, every tender attention was la-'vished on him, he had pages and atten-'dants, his clothes were the most mag-'nificent, his table the most luxurious; 'while I, despised and neglected, was in-'debted to Sir Rinval alone for the few

'comforts

'comforts I enjoyed—my father's partiality,
'I heard, was from my cousin's likeness
'to the Baron Osmond, which he was
'eternally remarking. I remained in my
'prison for some time, when a most hor-
'rible circumstance occurred: Rinval was
'a man of an ancient Scotch family, which
'having fallen to decay, he was cast upon
'the bounty of my grandfather, who had
'protected him, and which Osmond did
'afterwards.—Much, I believe, did this old
'man know, but he pretended to know
'nothing; and told me that *that* was the
'only way of living secure at Mont Ea-
'gle. This old man took upon himself the
'care of me; he was particularly kind,
'and gave me every indulgence in his
'power. Lord Hontercombe and Sir Be-
'vis used frequently to come and see me;
'and they were conversing one day with
'Rinval in my room, when Lord Honter-
'combe remarked that Ethelmorne grew
'more like his father every day; the poor
'Rinval

'Rinval said, "I think Lord Eustace is
'"much more like him."

'Never shall I forget the glances of
'fiend-like malice that darted from their
'eyes; they called Rinval into an adjoin-
'ing room, and an altercation seemed to
'ensue; presently I heard the old man cry
'out—I endeavoured, young as I was, then
'scarcely nine years old, to burst open the
'door; in vain I called to Rinval to let
'me in—a deep groan now burst forth——
'horror!—I never saw him more!

'The following day I heard them wash-
'ing the floor, and one villain said, "The
'"blood will never come out." "Plane
'"it;" said Sir Bevis. "Oh no,"—re-
'turned Sir Hildebrand—"no one ever
'"comes here but the urchin, and he will
'"not know what it is."—But my mind
'was cruelly affected by this incident; my
'temper became gloomy and melancholy,
'confinement likewise affected my health;
'and had not the frequent visits of my in-

'fant

'fant sister consoled me, I should have 'died.—But at length Sir Bevis entered, 'and taking me by the hand, led me to my 'father's private apartments --- What an 'alteration met my view! I scarcely knew 'him: the sad sight afflicted me so much, 'that I burst into tears, and running up, 'threw my arms around his neck, and beg-'ged never to leave him more. His frame 'shook with the most violent emotions, 'and he cried out in a voice I never can 'forget—"This is too much! take him '"away! take him away!" and Sir Be-'vis tore me from his neck, and led me 'away. Never, never shall I forget my 'father's appearance; it was horrible; 'like a maniac, whose heart was torn by a 'thousand tortures; some weeks afterwards 'I was informed of his death.

'My sister and I were now suffered to 'join Ethelmorne; who was grown a 'handsome youth, and for some time treat-'ed me with great kindness: I shared

'with him in all his education; our pur-
'suits, our childish plays were similar!
'we never were apart!' A tear glistened
in the eloquent eye of Eustace, it dropped,
he thought, unseen—'We grew up; the
'pursuit of arms was followed with equal
'eagerness by us both; I was always his
'competitor, and his first defeat by me, I
'fear, nurtured, or was rather the cradle of
'his hatred.

'When we attained the age of fourteen,
'we were sent to the school of chivalry
'for the nobility of England---attended by
'Lord Hontercombe and Sir Bevis de Wil-
'ton, our guardians: during this time, we
'perfected ourselves in the use of arms,
'and in which our masters declared we
'were unequalled: but they always gave
'me precedence, and I saw with regret,
'that Ethelmorne conceived for me, envy
'and hatred. I had ever kept up a cor-
'respondence with Agnes; Ethelmorne
'contented himself with inquiring some-
'times

'times after her health. We now attended
'the tournament given at the court of
'Henry, for such youths as had finished
'their education---I bore away the beau-
'teous and valuable prize, the silver ar-
'mour, and sumptuous enlaurelled helm.---
'Never have I ceased to regret it; for
'Ethelmorne, for *that* act, never forgave
'me, and it has been a subject of many
'cruel contentions. On our return to
'Mont Eagle he appeared much struck
'with the beautiful person of my sister,
'who was now grown a most lovely girl.
'My affection for Agnes was as ardent as
'ever; and I sincerely rejoiced that she
'was so agreeable to my cousin, whom I
'now hoped I might one day call brother.
'Ethelmorne spared no endeavour to
'win her affections; whose artless disposi-
'tion felt sensible of his kindness, and she
'ardently returned his affection. I saw the
'growing passion of Ethelmorne, and en-
'couraged it as much as possible; I praised

'to him the virtues of Agnes, virtues 'which I hoped would curb the natural 'impetuosity of his nature, the wildness of 'his desires; for I hitherto believed that all 'his warmth of disposition covered an 'amiable and an honourable heart.

'Alas! how was I mistaken!

'I one day accompanied Fitz Alwy on a 'ride with Sir Bevis de Wilton; and on 'the journey he pursued a style of conversa-'tion which shocked my very soul, and in-'flamed my heart with rage---Never,' (said I), 'Ethelmorne, did I expect to hear senti-'ments so vicious from your lips! what de-'praved mind can have thus essayed to 'poison thine? and I cast my eyes on De 'Wilton, whom I shrewdly suspected was 'the dark volume, from which my cousin 'had purloined such disgusting sentiments. 'They laughed with scorn, however, at my 'remonstrances, and Ethelmorne contemp-'tuously remarked---"that *on many ac-*'*counts* the monk's habit was most 'suitable

'"suitable to me."----- Stung by this re-
'mark, my heart heaved in my breast: I
'felt, more than ever I had done before, my
'state of poverty and dependance; and I
'began to reflect on my wretched situa-
'tion---my mind was distracted at the idea
'of receiving an insult, even from my cou-
'sin; and had not the unprotected state of
'Agnes cried to me---forbearance---never
'more would I have entered Mont Eagle.

'At this time my cousin became ac-
'quainted with Lord de Morthemer, a
'young noble of the most depraved princi-
'ples, and but too well calculated to com-
'plete the destruction of Ethelmorne. The
'bond of amity was sealed between them;
'and from that time the Castle became a
'scene of guilt and voluptuous revelry.
'The scenes of riot which continually
'passed, I judged unfit for the uncontami-
'nated mind of my sister to witness; and
'I seriously began to think of removing
'her from the Castle: and I considered

'what

'what steps it would be best for me to
'take. My only patrimony was the for-
'tress of Fitz Arnulf, now fallen into
'ruins, and almost incapable of affording
'me that protection so much required—I
'however explored it, and while on this
'pursuit, was surprised to see walking pen-
'sively in the ruins, Wilfred de Grey and
'Edgar. The former respectfully bowing
'to me advanced, and asked me if I had
'any thoughts of repairing and residing in
'the fortress—I replied that I had, if it
'were possible—This Wilfred de Grey
'was a poor knight of the castle, one of the
'mercenaries of Fitz Alwy—

'"Ah, my Lord," (he said with tears in
'his eyes) "days are sadly altered at the
'"Castle!—to be sure, in *my* life I have
'"never seen them different; but my fa-
'"ther, poor old Sir Rinval de Grey,
'"remembered them otherways!"

'"Good God!" said I, "are you my old
'"protector Rinval's son?" "My good
"Lord,

' " Lord, I am so indeed—and this tall
' " youth is his grand-child ! fallen as we are
' " since poor Lord Osmond died——But
' " pardon me, Sir—your father has caused
' " us to see other days." Tears stood in the
' eyes of Wilfred when he continued—
' " Alas, Sir, poor Rinval used to love you
' " dearly ! he said, if ever a youth would
' " resemble the Baron Osmond, it would
' " be you, and not Sir Ethelmorne—but I
' " cannot bear to think on Rinval - - - -"
' Wilfred coloured and turned away---
' " Nay, fear not!" said I, " Wilfred ;
' " thou canst not feel more shocked at the
' " fate of my old friend than I do---and I
' " steadfastly intend, when I am able, to
' " avenge his death." " Then God bless
' " you !" cried Wilfred, and he burst into
' tears ; I now noticed the graceful manly
' form, the open countenance of the youthful
' Edgar, and asked him if he would be my
' esquire---He replied, that it would be his
' greatest

'greatest glory, and he was soon instituted 'in his new situation.

'Wilfred and I now settled that he 'should get his discharge from my cousin, 'and come to me; I gave him the poor 'wardenship of the fortress, and put the 'repairing of it into his hands, giving him 'from my finger a valuable jewel, which I 'had received from the master of the school 'of chivalry, to turn into money in order 'to procure the repairs, and I took Edgar 'home with me. This youth had already 'distinguished himself in the vale of 'Northwood, from which exploit he de-'rives his name; and my cousin could not 'conceal his anger, to find that I had gained 'him as my esquire--although he pre-'tended to ridicule his birth, and declared 'his attendance was dishonourable.

'Ethelmorne had completely insinuated 'himself into the heart of my sister; she 'however detested his companions, and 'listened to my plan of retiring to the for-

'tress

'tress with tranquil pleasure. I was sur-
'prised Ethelmorne had not yet asked her
'hand, but his dishonourable purposes ne-
'ver entered my mind.'

'Good God!' (interrupted Sir Morcar indignantly, and he started from his seat), 'Fitz Alwy was not so base a wretch?—'

'Alas! 'tis too true! but listen to me
'—I had been one day, as usual, at the
'fortress, and had nearly completed the
'necessary preparations, when, on my re-
'turn, I found Agnes in tears. My sister,
'I said, whence these emotions? what has
'occurred to distress you? but to all my
'inquiries I could obtain no reply, save that
'she begged me immediately to remove her
'to Fort Arnulf. From this I imagined
'that something had happened to offend my
'sister, and thought no one so likely to do
'so, as Lord de Morthemer. I now deter-
'mined immediately to remove her from a
'place that no longer afforded protection:
'as I was passing from the Castle for this

 'purpose,

'purpose, I met Lord de Morthemer, I 'gazed with anger on him as I passed—he 'observed my looks, and said—

' " Prithee, Father Eustace, what causes ' " this increase of bitterness ?" I was in on 'temper to be taunted, and replied—" If I ' " could ascertain that you were the cause ' " of my uneasiness, we tarried not long ' " in converse, I assure you :" he sneered 'at me as I passed on. I had been some 'time at the fortress, when Edgar appeared 'running to me in haste—" Fly," he 'said, " Sir Eustace, to preserve the ' " Lady Agnes." I waited not to make 'further inquiries, but flew as fast as pos-'sible to the Castle; on my entrance, I 'met Lord de Morthemer walking with 'Lord Hontercombe—" Villain," I cried, ' " what has happened to my sister ?" He 'regarded me with unfeigned surprise, and 'I, seeing that I was mistaken, flew to my 'sister's chamber——what a sight met my 'eyes! Agnes was insensible on her bed,

'her

'her clothes all torn to pieces, and two
'villanous-looking fellows standing over
'her. I now perceived that she was wound-
'ed, and blood on the floor: electrified by
'this sight, I flew to one of the villains,
'and seizing him, commanded him as he
'valued his life to tell me why he was
'there; when the trembling wretch, not
'seeing that I was unarmed, declared he
'was there by the orders of the Baron, to
'convey my sister into the dungeons below
'—"And why," cried I, "should my
'"sister be used thus cruelly? what has
'"she done, to cause in Ethelmorne such
'"hate?" "*Hate* was not the reason of
'"his command, I believe, Sir," said the
'wretch, with a look which I could not
'misunderstand; but while I was speaking,
'Agnes revived — the villains' presence
'alarmed her, I ordered them to depart:
'when my unfortunate sister saw me, she
'screamed with wild delight, and throwing

e rself

'Astonishment and anguish kept my sis-
'ter silent, while he shocked her ears by
'explaining to her the nature of his love.
'"Let Eustace," he said, "depart if
'"he choose, the monastery on yonder
'"rock will suit him well—but he shall
'"not be the guardian of my conscience."
'"Oh, ungenerous Ethelmorne!" ex-
'claimed my sister, almost heart-broken—
'"base, dishonourable man! is it thus
'"you would insult the orphan children of
'"your uncle? Depart, my Lord—your
'"conduct has affrighted love for ever
'"from my breast—go, and henceforth
'"know that you are the object of my
'"contempt, my hatred, and my aver-
'"sion!"——
'Fitz Alwy, on this speech, assumed the
'countenance of a dæmon, "Beware,"
'he cried, "rash girl, how you exaspe-
'"rate me! not even your idol, your
'"immaculate, contemptible Eustace,
'"shall

' " shall protect you from my ven-
' " geance !"—

' He left her with a savage laugh, and
' this was the cause of the tears she had shed
' in the morning ; tremblingly alive for my
' safety, the dear girl had not informed me
' of it, and she determined on the following
' day to depart. But Fitz Alwy, I fancy,
' imagining that she had told me of it,
' from my accidental remark to Lord de
' Morthemer, was determined not to delay
' his infamous purpose . . . . Oh, De
' Mowbray ! how shall I shock you by a
' repetition of so base a scene ! . . . . .
' Imagine the helpless innocence of Agnes
' calling to him in vain ! imagine every tie
' of blood even forgotten—virtue, honour,
' and religion—for the poignard of Fitz
' Alwy, snatched from his side, in a mo-
' ment of despair, by my frantic sister,
' only preserved her from his violence !
' . . . . . At sight of her blood, he re-
' leased

'leased her, and fled for Father Sebastian.
'. . . . . '

'Gracious God!' exclaimed De Mowbray, 'doth such a wretch exist? . . .
'and this monster, this Fitz Alwy, was
'to have been the husband of Ethelburga!"

'Heaven forbid!' cried Eustace, with an energy which touched the soul of Sir Morcar, and he continued—

'It appears that he ordered the men, as
'soon as her wound was dressed, to bear her
'to the state dungeons beneath the southern tower; this was to have been done
'before I arrived, and I was to be informed
'that she had fled with Walter de Segrave,
'who readily lent himself to this abominable project—but fortunately Edgar heard
'the orders given, and flew to inform
'me.'

'And this Monk, this Sebastian!' (said Sir Morcar), 'is as great a villain, I suspect, as any of them.'

Sir

Sir Eustace continued—'My sister lay 'in a weak state all night; in the morning 'she fell into a slumber, when I not being 'able to contain my feelings, arose to pro-'ceed to Fitz Alwy; I had not however 'passed far before I met him.

'"Villain," I cried, "how darest '"thou invade the sanctuary of inno-'"cence!—Oh, Ethelmorne, Ethelmorne, '"how art thou fallen! how art thou de-'"generated! Guilty man, think not to '"escape my vengeance! the insult of-'"fered to my sister must be atoned for— '"speak, therefore, ere I forget my-'"self!—"

'I thought he eyed me in a strange and 'furious manner—I now observed the pale-'ness of his cheek, the wildness of his look! 'my heart was melted as I remarked this 'sad change in his appearance.'

'"What atonement dost thou make?" 'I said.'

'"Atone-

' " Atonement to *thee!*" he cried, in a ' voice of deadly malignity, that I never ' before had heard from him, " atonement ' " to thee! for what?" (in a voice of ' thunder)—" Speak, what dost thou sus- ' " pect?—speak out at once, and tell me ' " all I have to dread!" . . . . . Then ' lowering his voice, and seeming inatten- ' tive to my presence, he muttered — ' " Weak-sighted man, to suffer him to ' " live! . . . . . "

' I now began to suspect that his senses ' were deranged — I gazed on him with ' pity; his wild disordered glances, his ' dishevelled appearance, his incoherent ' sentences, all tended to confirm this ' idea—

' " Have you forgotten the crime you ' " were well nigh committing, Ethel- ' " morne?" I said. He cried—

' " Crime! ah! something like a crime ' " indeed!" and shuddered violently.

' " Ah, my cousin! what would you

' " have

' " have done! how wildly your senses are
' " astray!" I said this in a tone of pity,
' for I was convinced that his senses were
' astray, but that he still felt horror at the
' crime. He continued to gaze on me
' with anger, revenge, and malice.

' " Come, Ethelmorne," I said, " it
' " shall be forgotten—only promise---"
' when gazing on me with a savage laugh,
' he cried, drawing his sword and rushing
' at me—

' " Forgotten or not, here let it die!
' " and with you all my fears! this to thy
' " heart, pious Eustace! to say thy pray-
' " ers in the bosoms of thy parents!" . .
' He attacked me furiously; in vain I cried,
' " I am unarmed." " So much the bet-
' " ter!" he returned, with savage violence.
' I now defended myself by binding my
' cloak around my arm, but a cut
' bared the bleeding limb, and another---
' and another---would have stretched me
' breath-

'breathless---when Sir Hildebrand rushed 'in, and holding his arm, cried---

'"Hold, my Lord! what thy father '"did not, thou must not do!"

'An altercation ensued, and while they 'spoke I quitted the rooms, and hastened 'to Agnes . . . . . But De Mowbray, 'you attend not to me—what so much 'awakens your surprise?---'

Sir Morcar had arisen, and was pacing the room in the most violent agitation, and repeating to himself, "What thy father "did not, thou must not do." . . .

'Eustace, Eustace, my mind is a chaos! '. . . . . a thousand wild ideas you have 'awakened . . . . . Can you in any way 'explain the hidden mystery of those 'words?'

'No, I cannot; I am in as much asto-'nishment at them, as you can be.'

Sir Morcar again paced the room; he remained reflecting for some minutes: the

Castle

Castle clock now tolled, and reminded him how the hours flew---he begged Eustace's pardon, and desired him to proceed.

'What was my amazement on proceeding to Agnes's chamber, to find her gone! '---I was on the point of rushing back to 'Fitz Alwy, and demanding my sister, 'when a vassal approached me, and whispered in my ear---" Edgar bade me tell '" you to fly to the fortress; the Lady '" Agnes is already there, I have your '" steed in the pine trees." Scarcely capable, I took the vassal's arm, and proceeded. I soon gained the melancholy 'retreat, where, however, I had the satisfaction to find my sister. Edgar informed me, that alarmed at the scene he 'had overheard the day before, he had 'watched about the caverns, and had heard 'Lord Hontercombe pronounce---

'" A foolish discovery! suppose it *had* '" happened!---mere monkish scruples---

'" I

' " I hate that monastery scheme---each
' " day becomes more dangerous . . . A
' " *cup* will soon be necessary for him
' " too. *I advise* confining them *both for*
' " *life.*"

' " Certainly," replied Sir Bevis, " and
' " *that* instantly."

' " Nay, it *shall* be *instantly* put in
' " execution! I will send Sir Hilde-
' " brand . . . . . "

' " They turned from the vaults, and I
' " immediatety fled to you---You were
' " gone---your sister lay asleep on the bed,
' " this was no time for ceremony, I en-
' " wrapped her in a cloak, and passed swift-
' " ly through the vaults, and by a private
' " passage to the wold, intending to re-
' " turn and assist you."

' " Generous, noble Edgar!" I ex-
' claimed, " my gratitude will cease but
' " with my life."

' I now began to reflect on my helpless
' situation; in the present disordered state
' of

'of the country, when every chieftain is a 'robber, and every robber a chieftain,--- 'in an unprotected, desolate fortress, 'without a soldier to man it---what would 'become of my poor Agnes?---But at 'length, while consulting with Edgar, I 'began to look around: there was land 'belonging to Fort Arnulf, which I per- 'ceived with sorrow was neglected and 'forlorn; a few miserable wretches tenanted 'the pebbled beach, who gained their scanty 'livelihood by fishing, and gathering sam- 'phire from the rocks --- and this was all 'that remained of a once-flourishing patri- 'mony.

'Edgar saw the sorrow that racked my 'heart, and he and his father, Wilford de 'Grey, instantly set upon the means of 'relief; he visited the hovels of my clan, 'and in a few words gave them to under- 'stand the situation of their Lord.---How 'was I surprised, one morning, to perceive 'Edgar at the head of fifty hardy vassals,

'thirty

'thirty of whom were in the livery of my 'cousin!---at sight of me, they threw down 'their arms and swore only to take them 'up again in my service. With these I 'garrisoned the fortress, which now 'wore an appearance of security, that 'promised safety and protection. But 'alas! I was poor and needy; scarcely 'could I clothe my vassals and keep my 'fortress in repair. While in this state, 'Edgar urged me to an act, which, while 'it keenly degraded my feelings, was found 'necessary to our support, and, thank 'God! has proved the basis of all my 'good fortune.

'The Baron de Warrenne was o'er-'powered by foes—his vassals were scarce 'able to defend him; and I sent Edgar 'with an offer of my services, and that of 'a hundred vassals, (which he assured me 'I might easily raise) on consideration 'of receiving a competent salary—

The cheek of Sir Eustace glowed with crimson,

crimson, he cast down his beautiful eyes, and Sir Morcar saw a tear moisten his black lashes, which however, by a violent effort, he retained from swelling to a drop. De Mowbray's heart bled for the noble boy; he pressed his hand fervently, and exclaimed—

'Blush not, generous Eustace, to acknow-
'ledge an act that must ever immortalize
'you! You scorned to remain dependent
'on an iniquitous cousin—you struggled
'to support an unfortunate sister—and to
'obtain this end, you sacrificed the native
'pride of your heart!'

'Yes,' (cried Eustace in a tone of ex-
tacy), 'yes, I was at last independent!
'but, alas! you see me reduced to the state
'of a *mercenary*—which I had remained
'in to this day, but for the generous
'Baron, his son, and my inestimable friend
'De Lucy.——Pride urged me to conceal
'my name from Lord de Warrenne; and
'I sent the offer merely in the name of the

'Knight of the Silver Star. He therefore 'knew not that it was the son of the late 'Baron of Mont Eagle that he had in 'pay.

'This state of servitude, however, hung 'heavy on my heart: and with folded arms 'I was one day wandering on the beach, 'my eyes cast down in melancholy reflec- 'tion, when an arrow flew into my bosom '—I looked up, and received another in 'my arm: two wretches now appeared, 'I drew my faithful sword—their intent 'was assassination; one I slew imme- 'diately, the other fled into the sea and 'escaped.

'I was surprised a few days afterwards 'by Edgar's approaching and informing 'me, that my cousin at the head of a 'numerous army appeared to be coming 'with hostile intentions towards the for- 'tress: I could scarce believe my senses; 'but too soon was convinced of the truth 'of this by a herald's approaching and 'demanding

'demanding the submission of the fort, in 'the name of the Baron Mont Eagle. I 'need not repeat that I scorned to yield an 'answer, save by manning my ramparts 'immediately; I took Edgar and Wilfred 'on the battlements with my troops; nor 'can I ever forget the efforts of my ge-'nerous people on sight of my danger—— 'one sympathetic motion clasped their 'hands upon their swords, and they swore 'to protect me or die! About a hundred 'soon rallied about my standard, and I 'hear my cousin's astonishment was great 'to see the helpless Eustace so well pre-'pared to oppose him---he expected to 'have made an easy conquest; my death 'was most certainly at this time his object, 'for he ordered his men to bring me before 'him either dead or alive---and the inten-'tion of *such* a command to a ferocious 'set of vassals, is too well understood to 'need an explanation from me.'

Sir Morcar shuddered.

'On their first attack they were nearly 'beaten down by a shower of sling-stones; 'and beat and battered, they retreated to 'consult on a more advantageous mode of 'approach. The fortress of Fitz Arnulf 'is most admirably situated: it is on a 'projecting rocky shore which juts out 'into the sea, by which on two sides it is 'surrounded: the beach afforded a natural 'and effective mode of defence, both from 'the wide moat and the roaring ocean of 'itself created, and from the innumerable 'stones it so readily supplied us with: I 'had long since caused a little mountain 'of these weapons to be collected ready for 'the slings. The Fitz Alwys by no means 'relished this destructive mode of defence, 'for we bruised them severely even to a 'man; and Edgar and myself beat down 'on the first approach both Lord de Mor-'themer and Sir Bevis with stones. Fort 'Arnulf is built in the form of a shield, 'the point of which projects into the sea,

'and

'and the two sides are completely guarded
'by the ocean; the end was all we had to
'protect, where the gate was placed; and
'this side was likewise surrounded by a
'deep ditch filled by the sea. At each
'corner there is a strong barbican, and the
'habitable apartments are against the sea,
'whose tide never leaves the Castle without
'defence, so deeply is it sunk in the bosom
'of the ocean---and they knew that reach-
'ing it by sea was in vain, as our stones
'would soon have sunk their boats. Again
'they attacked the gate, but our stones
'fell thick as hail and beat the targets to
'pieces, pursuing their helms as they fled.
'A stone, however, thrown from some
'skilful hand, struck me on the stomach,
'and beat me down; for a time I was
'obliged to quit the ramparts, but Edgar
'took my place. Shouts arose on my dis-
'appearance, and they hoped no doubt that
'I was either severely wounded or dead.
'They now advanced even to the edge of
'the

'the ditch with their battering-rams; but 'a shower of arrows, which they little 'expected, soon made them retreat: my 'archers had been covered by the slingers, 'and they had not seen them. But no 'sooner did they retreat, than another body 'came up; we sent them a volley of 'quarrels and arrows. They continued, 'however, to throw stones while their 'breath lasted, but at last they were so 'wounded, that with difficulty were they 'able to retire.

'Now Lord de Morthemer and Walter 'de Segrave furiously assailed the gate; 'we poured down rivers of boiling pitch 'on them, and they were happy to return. 'This work continued during day-light the 'whole of the first day.

'At night my brave garrison had some 'ease; and I was happy to see that though 'many of them were wounded and dis-'abled, not one of them was killed. My 'poor Agnes was in inexpressible alarm

'for

'for me, although I endeavoured to sup-
'port her spirits by every assurance of
'safety and success. The weather was
'intensely hot, and having garrisoned the
'walls with centinels, I reclined in the
'dining-room with Agnes on the sofa with
'the windows open towards the sea, when
'we were alarmed by the splashing of the
'waters beneath. I looked from the case-
'ment, and plainly saw a man who had
'swam through the calm sea, and was
'now endeavouring to climb the rocks:
'my first act was to get my bow, and I
'directed a shaft to his bosom, when seeing
'he was alone, I withheld my arm, and
'demanded who he was.

'"Hist! Sir Eustace," cried a voice,
'"I am a friend to honour, and would
'"serve thee. But as duty obliges me
'"to fight beside the enemy, let me not be
'"seen by thy retainers."

'An arrow at this moment well nigh
'pierced

'pierced the heart that beat with generous
'purposes.

'"By my troth," he cried, "if you do
'"not make haste, your brave fellows
'"will put an end to my preaching."

'I hastened to the ramparts and ordered
'the centinels to forbear, and I was happy
'to find that out of six arrows levelled at
'him not one had reached him, save one he
'had picked up and now bore in his hand.
'I led him unseen to my room: the
'moment I saw his handsome open coun-
'tenance, my heart was convinced of his
'honourable intentions; he was drenched
'with the sea, I offered him a change of
'apparel, but laughing he replied—

'"What! my brave Knight?—to tell my
'"errand to Fitz Alwy? By my faith, Sir
'"Eustace, a pretty reception you give
'"your friends! Your arrows played in
'"circles around my head as I landed—
'"but, however, I came to serve you; my
'"time

' " time is short, and distrust me not, when
' " I tell you, that I am an esquire of the
' " Baron your enemy."

' Heavens!' I exclaimed, 'how came so
' honourable a youth in *such* a situation?
' and to whom am I indebted?'

' " That you shall know hereafter," re-
' turned Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose, for
' it was he: " but hist thee! This morn-
' " ing after your gallant resistance there
' " was a consultation in our camp, from
' " which I picked up, that we were
' " engaged in a most dishonourable af-
' " fray; I learnt that we were six times
' " your number, and that their purposes
' " were as unworthy as the manner in
' " which they were to be obtained. They
' " decided, however, (for time presses)
' " that as you seemed determined to with-
' " stand them, treachery should obtain
' " what your valour withheld from them.
' " There is a little troop of these men
' " enlisted into your service this evening,

' " who

" who are to cast open your gate for
" their admittance—loosen the hinges—
" or, in case they do not succeed in that,
" to fire the fortress within. The moment
" I heard this plan, I loudly exclaimed
" against such dishonourable proceed-
" ings, but they attended not to me: I
" perceive that I am a marked man, for,
" pardon me, Sir Eustace, as I levelled
" an arrow at your brave squadron, I
" found one aimed at my back, and as
" my face was to the fortress, it must
" have proceeded from my honourable
" allies. To be assailed both in front
" and rear, was a game in which I did
" not like to play; I told Fitz Alwy
" so, who declared that I must have
" been mistaken—however, Sir Eustace,
" I must oppose you in the field, but
" I shall not soil my honour by permitting
" so dishonourable a stratagem to be
" put in force; and I come to forewarn
" you of the scheme laid for your de-
" struction.

' " truction. Unseen I left our camp, and
' " swam across the water, pretending that
' " I was going to bathe—the only method
' " of avoiding their lynx eyes, and I
' " luckily enough escaped your arrows.
' " But now farewell! and believe me,
' " that I am unfortunately constrained,
' " that my arrows will be levelled at you
' " with regret! The treacherous men, if
' " necessary, I will point out."

' Ten thousand thanks, my gallant pre-
' server, (I cried), never shall I or mine
' direct a weapon to your honourable
' heart! I know the men you mean—
' Edgar my esquire suspected their ho-
' nesty; but such base treachery as *this*
' never entered our imagination:—once
' more receive my ardent thanks, for my
' poor sister's sake.'

' " And now must I return to my hated
' " office," said Sir Ethelred approaching
' the window, " farewell! Sir Eustace,
' " to-

'and the unequal numbers who bore down
'with such force upon us, than he mar-
'shalled his vassals, and attacked the Fitz
'Alwys in the rear. Surprised at so unex-
'pected an assault, they were thrown into
'confusion, and dusk saw them obliged to
'retire wounded and fatigued to their
'tents.

'No sooner had they departed, than I gave
'entrance to my brave deliverer, who had
'fought with such unequalled valour in my
'defence. And his surprise was great on
'perceiving whom he had preserved. Lord
'de Lucy was not unknown to me; Fitz
'Alwy had been enamoured of his sister,
'her heart, however, was otherways en-
'gaged, and I vainly endeavoured to per-
'suade him not to persecute the amiable
'but unfortunate Emma; De Lucy had
'done me the honour to conceive for me an
'esteem which I was well aware of, and he
'now keenly reproached me for not having
'called upon his services. To him I un-
'disguisedly

'disguisedly told my story. He execrated 'Fitz Alwy's baseness---and on the morrow 'determined to render his attack fatal to his 'base purposes. Agnes was inexpressibly 'relieved by this reinforcement, and my 'brave followers, who had been plunged 'into despair, now felt invulnerable.

'At dawn the attack commenced; anxi- 'ously I pointed out the generous Ethelred 'as an object of affection to our men, and I 'will venture to affirm, not a single shaft 'was levelled at him: and he, sly as he 'was,' although he pretends to deny it, 'levelled his at our buttresses. It would 'be endless to repeat the numerous acts of 'valour performed by De Lucy and our 'brave followers---suffice that *night* saw 'Fitz Alwy completely beaten. Sir Bevis 'and Lord de Morthemer disabled---and 'enraged and disheartened, they were 'obliged to raise the siege.'

'The tale is its own eulogist, my brave 'youth,' (said the noble Morcar) 'and there 'is

'is a part which you have modestly left un-
'told, but which I am full well aware of.
'However, those feats may be well ima-
'gined, which enabled one hundred men
'for two days to withstand six.'

'Lord de Lucy' (continued Eustace)
'remained with me at the fortress, on the
'third, as we were conversing together Ed-
'gar entered—

'"A messenger, my Lord, has arrived
'"from Elfwold, who brought this dis-
'"patch from Lord de Warrenne, and
'"who summons you and your retainers
'"*instantly* to attend at the Castle."

'A glow of painful confusion o'erspread
'my countenance; pride had closed my
'lips with regard to the league I had been
'forced to enter into with the Baron de
'Warrenne; Edgar, imagining that I had
'no secret from De Lucy, had unwarily
'thus betrayed me. O'erwhelmed with
'confusion, the paper dropped from my
'trembling hands; and De Lucy sat re-
'garding

'garding me with surprise: I now felt 'obliged to acknowledge to him my de-'graded situation, which, whatever were '*my* feelings in telling, were equalled by 'his at hearing. He rose and embraced 'me, and buried his face in my bosom to 'conceal his tears.

'"Unkind. Eustace!" at length he 'said, "and would you not, proud youth, '"even reveal to me your situation? '"could you not try my boasted friendship '"so far? what ideas must you not have '"had of me?——"

'In short 'twere needless to repeat the 'effusions of his affectionate heart. Keenly 'hurt at my situation, he immediately set 'forward to Elfwold; I followed on the 'next day—first, however, securing my 'sister in the convent of St. Ann's. What 'was my surprise, on the way to meet De 'Lucy and Sir Vortimer de Warrenne, 'who was presented to me by him, and he 'immediately said——

'"Believe

' "Believe me, gallant Fitz Arnulf, this
' " is the greatest honour I have ever re-
' " ceived; permit me henceforth to be
' " ranked amongst your friends."

' I saw to whom I was indebted for all
' this kindness, and endeavoured to express
' to De Lucy by my looks, my gratitude:
' to Sir Vortimer I returned a sense of his
' kindness by my acknowledgments, but
' this scene of generous friendship did not
' end here. For the Baron his father,
' who had heard all my story, was on the
' steps to welcome me to his castle; he em-
' braced me, and shed tears.

' " Oh, my dear noble boy! (he said)
' " little did I imagine the nephew of Os-
' " mond was in such a situation! believe
' " me, Eustace, your own virtues, and
' " those of your uncle, whom you so ex-
' " tremely resemble 'tis marvellous to look
' " upon you, will render you ever dear to
' " my heart!"

' Imagine,

'Imagine, De Mowbray—imagine the 'feelings of my mind on this transition from 'grief to joy! words are too feeble to ex- 'press it, I cannot.

'Immediately was my sister Agnes brought 'by the Lady Adela de Warrenne from the 'convent; and their kind attentions have 'in a great measure restored the dear maid 'to health, although Fitz Alwy's conduct 'has wounded her feelings to that degree, 'that I fear it will be long ere she totally 'forgets it.

'Adonsian, Lord of Skiddaw, was the 'invader of Elfwold: he came with a pow- 'erful army, and the Baron trembled for 'his safety. Taking advantage of the 'weak part of the Castle, when the Baron 'was erecting the tournament court, they 'one night well nigh surprised us; but 'with the exertions of the Baron, his son, 'and De Lucy, we completely beat them.'

'You are impudent enough to be guilty 'of a most egregious falsehood, however—'

(said

(said Sir Morcar seizing his hand, and gazing in his face which was dyed by the suffusion of modesty) 'The Baron, his son, 'and Lord de Lucy, forsooth!——Now, 'my good Sir Knight, learn that I already 'know *every* particular of that transaction 'from their own lips; and that *your* cou-'rage, *your* wisdom, and *your* foresight, 'alone saved the De Warrenne family from 'destruction!——*You* advised their being 'suffered to enter the Castle in supposed 'security, and then closing the breach and 'intereepting their succours, *you* attacked 'them on all sides, and took them all pri-'soners!——nay speak not—you have 'already done violence to truth, in the re-'lation of your own actions' (cried De Mowbray smiling.) 'I know now how 'much dependance to place upon your ac-'count! But permit me, my dear Eustace, 'to assure you that your narrative has made 'an impression on my mind, that no cir-'cumstances or time will be able to efface:

'it

'it would be an insult to your worth, to 'endeavour to express all the admiration I 'feel for you in every point of view: depend 'upon my friendship for life; and do me 'the honour to give me thine.'

Eustace, overpowered by emotions of gratitude, silently gave him his hand—while Sir Morcar remarking that he had interrupted him, he thus proceeded—

'After we had overcome Adonsian, we re-'mained in peace, when the rumour of the 'tournament at Wolfnorth reached us. The 'Baron instantly determined to introduce 'me to Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey; but on 'mentioning my name to him, he manifested 'the utmost signs of horror and aversion. 'Imagining that his mind had been pre-'judiced against me by the stories Fitz 'Alwy is ever propagating to my dis-'favour, I determined by my actions alone 'to endeavour to efface the stain my name 'had received; and obliged my friends to 'promise me solemnly that they would not

'reveal

'reveal my name, until, independently of 'that name, I had made *myself* respected, 'for myself alone.

'Thus arose the first mystery of my ap- 'pearance in the tournament court at 'Wolfnorth—I had often met Fitz Alwy 'in the tournament court of Montalt, and 'he had ever engaged me with ferocity, 'while I always defeated him; and I now 'met him, as you saw, with the determina- 'nation of vanquishing him. I did so; but 'Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey adjudged me not 'the prize: I was to have appeared the fol- 'lowing day, but was prevented, as you 'have heard; but the particulars of that 'affair I must now relate.

'Early on the morning that I was to 'attend, Edgar brought me a note; it had 'arrived by a soldier, who said a knight 'had given it him to deliver. Edgar knew 'the man who brought it to be an honest 'creature, and therefore unsuspiciously

'gave

'give it to me. It bore De Lucy's crest,
'and contained these words:

'"A strange affair, my dearest Eustace,
'"has occurred; if you value your friend,
'"come to him instantly, to St. Mary's
'"Cross, on the borders of the forest.
'"Come alone, and mention not this
'"note.

'"Sigebert, Lord de Lucy."

'You remember that we left Lord de
'Lucy at Wolfnorth:—therefore, imagining
'that something must have occurred to
'him, I hesitated not a moment, but de-
'parted, not even telling Edgar where I
'was going, and merely leaving a short
'note for Vortimer.

'St. Mary's, you know, is some distance
'—when I arrived no one appeared; but
'on shouting, a soldier came forth, and
'saying he supposed I was come to meet
'Lord

'Lord de Lucy, bade me follow him.
'For the first time, I slightly suspected
'treachery, and I questioned him, but he
'appeared so artless that I followed un-
'warily an immense distance; he now ap-
'proached the edge of a copse, and gave
'a loud shout, six ruffians immediately
'rushed forth to attack me—I instantly
'defended myself, and fought for some
'time vigorously, but found I had not
'common ruffians to deal with; one, how-
'ever, lay dead by my hand, and on dying
'he cried out—"Furies seize Lord Fitz
'"Alwy! I wish his soul had been in ——
'"before I had ——" and he died. The
'whole was now unveiled to me; I gave up
'all hopes of my life, but determined to sell
'it dearly. A voice cried out, "He has
'"wounded me," it was Sir Bevis de Wil-
'ton's,—"and me,"—returned Honter-
'combe of Ithona; a dagger now pierced
'my back, I fell—two more stabs from
'Sir Bevis rendered me senseless. They,

'no

'no doubt thought I was dead—I was in-
'deed little better: I know not what fol-
'lowed, but have since heard that a goat-
'herd found me the second day lying in a
'ditch; I was at the time senseless, and the
'flies settled on me, drinking the blood
'which had congealed from my wounds;
'he carried me to his wretched hovel, where
'I remained for a long time insensible. I
'was stripped when he found me, at length
'I gathered strength enough to direct the
'goat-herd to Elfwold; the rest you
'know.

'Notwithstanding all this explanation,
'I see Sir Philip's aversion to me is un-
'bounded—even the Lady Ethelburga!
'ah, Ethelburga! and is it possible that
'*you* think ill of me? perhaps despise me!
'. . . . . De Mowbray, in the name of
'Jesus Christ, of honour, and of justice!
'tell me why I am the object of Fitz Au-
'brey's pointed hatred? It cannot be the
'effects of Fitz Alwy's defamation, for I

'now know the Warden's heart to be ge-
'nerous and just; and he would not be
'falsely prejudiced against me, even by a
'Fitz Alwy! . . . . Tell me, my friend,
'then, I pray you, why my name is so
'hateful to him?'—

The heart of Sir Morcar was pained beyond the power of speech; how should he reply to the gallant, interesting youth? He could not tell the hero, that his father was a fratricide! he could not stab his honourable and susceptible soul, by telling him the ignominious story of his family—he knew not how to act, but at length replied—

'Dear Eustace, I acknowledge that a
'cause doth exist in the bosom of Sir
'Philip Fitz Aubrey, to create his dislike
'to you—but it is not *you*, my hero, to
'whom his hatred is so great—why must I
'say, your father cruelly injured a friend
'of his?—but ask me no more, a parent's
'errors should be buried in oblivion;

'when

'when Fitz Aubrey is made sensible of 'your merits, I have no doubt that he will 'forget the past, for his heart, as you say, 'is generous and just.'

Eustace seemed musing, his countenance was melancholy, when he mournfully said—

'My *father*, say you! . . . . Alas! 'there *is* some mystery about my father, I 'am convinced—his name is mentioned to 'me by none—my best friends value me 'because I am the nephew of Lord Osmond '—and even seem to wish to bury in ob-'livion, that I am the son of Leofwin! 'These are mysteries I fear, which I trem-'ble to dive into.—Oh God! the thought 'is maddening! I am convinced, from 'many circumstances, my father was a 'guilty man. Oh! was he not, De 'Mowbray?'—

Said the poor youth, so artlessly, that the bosom of the brave Morcar bled for

him; his countenance was sad, Eustace read the truth too plainly.

'Answer me not,' (he cried in agony), 'I see all you feel for me, and will spare 'your heart the pang of wounding mine! 'your noble tongue the task of uttering a 'falsehood! Oh, De Mowbray! my 'heart bleeds! deeeply bleeds! . . . . . 'But no more, I shall prove to Sir Philip 'Fitz Aubrey, that the conduct of the son 'shall expiate the crimes of the father!'—

His noble animated countenance spoke the great feelings of his mind: Sir Morcar tenderly embraced him, and once more assuring him of his friendship and esteem, apologized for having robbed him of his rest until so late an hour, and they separated.

Chap. III.

"Trenmore came from his hill, at the voice of his mighty son.
A cloud like the steed of the stranger supported his airy limbs.
His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to the people.
His sword is a green meteor half extinguished.
His face is without form, and dark.
He sigh'd thrice o'er the hero: thrice the winds of night roar'd around.
Many were his words to Oscar; but they only came by halves to our ears: they were dark as the tales of other times."

Ossian.

Lost in a train of melancholy reflections, Eustace heeded not the swift departure of time. He sat with his arms folded, and his face reclined towards the floor, when aroused by a deep and mournful bell which struck one solitary stroke, and then was heard no more.

Edgar he had long since dismissed to his bed in the adjoining tower, and he now felt

felt himself strangely solitary, agitated, and oppressed.

'Oh, my father!' (cried the afflicted hero), 'if thou wert guilty, let the sorrows 'of thy child ameliorate thy punishment! 'and thou, all-seeing God of all! instruct 'my heart how to make atonement!'

Scarcely had the pious ejaculations left his trembling lips, when a blast, strong yet silent, rushed throughout the room; it blew his dark-brown hair wildly disordered about his face, and almost extinguished his solitary lamp. He turned in surprise to close the window, when forward came a youthful warrior! in his arms, and outstretched, the remnant of a glittering sword. 'Long over his tearful eyes hung 'his dishevelled hair, stately were his 'steps in grief;' a wound was on his shadowy temple, from which the blood flowed down, and stained the snowy eagle which his breast-plate bore. Eustace started back in wild amazement, he gazed earnestly

nestly upon the form, not unknown to him: he listened for its footstep, but no sound was there, the form was empty wind: earnestly it gazed upon the youthful Knight, its regards were fixed and tender, but no frown was on its brow.

The heart of Eustace was strangely affected, his manly breast heaved o'er his bursting soul, and in half-formed accents, he involuntarily addressed the shade before him—

'Why dost thou mourn by night, chief 'of the misty look? why art thou a wan-'derer on the wold, where the rough blast 'floats thy hair behind thee? thy bosom 'heaves to the sight! thine eyes are full of 'tears! that deadly wound upon thy open 'front, whose blood stains the snowy 'eagle that my fathers bare!—oh, speak! 'forlorn and sadly as thou art, why dost 'thou come when day has passed away? 'speak, that I may strive to bring peace 'to thy spirit!'

Thrice

Thrice the vision sighed—thrice struck its heaving breast, when a voice, which seemed to come from other worlds, far, far beyond the grave, softly replied---

'Peace rest with the son of the virtuous 'maid—child of the Forests of Mont 'Eagle! despise not my voice, faint and 'from the tomb! it bids thee raise a monu- 'ment in thy breast, over thy angelic mo- 'ther!---It bids thee save the lovely heiress 'of these mossy towers, from the wiles of 'wicked men, from the arms of the blood- 'stained chieftain.---It bids thee preserve 'the last branch of De Montague! and 'the *present male heir of this* noble house! 'Oh, that my voice could burst the bonds 'of death! and teach thee how to preserve 'the innocent. . . . . Doubt not the 'virtues of *thy father!* he was spotless in 'this life; he watches over thee, my hero! 'enrobed in a thousand meteors! . . .'

More the vision said, some time it spoke, but the rushing winds of heaven brought

brought only strange mysterious sentences to the ear of Eustace. He watched its pallid lips, he endeavoured to read the words from the motion of the shade in vain! they came only by halves to his ears, and bewildered his mind with a thousand vague ideas. At length the pale lips were seen to move no more---the mournful vision gazed wistfully at him, and turning, glided to the door; its countenance seemed to invite his steps---a sentence of inquiry rested anxiously on the lips of Eustace, but he feared lest the sound of his voice should dissolve the airy form---he feared lest even the breath of his lips should disperse the shadow on the winds of Heaven! Stifling the eager wishes of his heart, breathless he followed---softly it glided down the long passages of Wolfnorth, each object seemed familiar to its sight: he passed the door of Sir Morcar's apartments, to which Eustace cast his eyes---for a moment the vision stopped; it cast a piteous glance upon the

youthful Fitz Arnulf, a tear was plainly seen to trickle down its cheek, and he faintly whispered, 'Save him!' On the first impulse, Eustace would immediately have entered the room, but the ghost waved its hand, and passed on. At length it arrived at the great banquet-hall, when drawing near to the arms of the departed Osmond, it pointed to them, and looking at Eustace, mournfully shook its head, and passed away.

Eustace knew not whither it was leading him, until it entered a vast building, whose immense pillars, magnificent roof, and other appendages, proved it to be the chapel. At the further end, were distinctly seen, lights, which burned before the sainted crucifix; before which was kneeling a dusky form. The vision's steps were noiseless, but Sir Eustace's echoed along the marble pavement. In dismay the venerable monk arose from his knees, it was Father Bertrand at his orisons. He gazed

gazed in silent wonder at the shadow; but on seeing the young hero, started in surprise: Eustace cast on him an explanatory look, they proceeded, Father Bertrand slowly followed: it arrested its step before the tomb of the late Lord Falconberg, and turned a melancholy smile on Eustace—it then gazed earnestly at Father Bertrand—its shadowy breast heaved perceptibly, and its soul seemed bursting with some wish it had not the power to reveal! it pointed to Eustace, and gave him a parting benediction! then enveloping itself in its own sighs; its shadowy outline mingled with the breath of grief, and vanished into air! . . . . . .

A splendid illumination, like a protracted flash of lightning, burst from the tomb of Lord Falconberg! a hollow rumbling noise succeeded—then all was still and dark.

Eustace sunk in the arms of the Abbot, but on a sudden exclamation of surprise from

from him, looked up, when he saw illuminated letters of *blood* upon the tomb—they said—

'The murdered Falconberg!'

A groan burst from the bosom of Bertrand, he sunk upon his knees before the crucifix—and Eustace, scarcely sensible, joined in prayers for the souls of the departed Barons --- for Osmond and for Ethelbert.

Long, long they pressed the cold pavement with their bended knees, nor did they arise, until a faint stream of light gleamed through the painted windows beyond the aisles, and tinted the checquered pavement with many gaudy colours.

Now did Eustace resign all ideas of repose, and accompanied the Abbot to his private apartments, to tell him all that had occurred concerning the vision. With wrapped attention the monk listened to his

his tale, and pondered for some time in silence. Eustace now requested him to tell him whose was the shade that had appeared to him.

'Alas! it was the Baron Osmond,' said the Abbot.

'For what purpose, good Father, can 'he thus thrice have visited me?' asked the astonished youth.

Bertrand was silent; he hesitated whether to inform the youth of the history of the houses of Falconberg and Mont Eagle; the black part his father had acted, alone kept him silent, but at length encouraged by the confidence he felt, he determined to tell him every thing, save the suspicion that his father was the murderer of his uncle.

He commenced by relating the early friendship of the Barons Falconberg and Mont Eagle: he recounted the history of Osmond's departure to the Holy Land, his return, and his death: he declared his

sus-

'Alas!' (interrupted Eustace, striking his breast with an action of despair), 'the 'nature of my father's injuries to that good 'man, are now too powerfully explained! 'Oh, Fitz Aubrey! in my heart I have ac- 'cused thee of injustice! when I ought ra- 'ther to have regarded with wonder the for- 'bearance of your conduct, which would 'admit of your breathing the same air I 'breathed.'

'Hold, my son!' (interrupted the good Father), 'let me not hear Eustace guilty 'of so much injustice. Would you con- 'demn the innocent, for the errors of the 'guilty?---would you persecute the virtu- 'ous son, for the errors of the guilty pa- 'rent?---No, Eustace, no; *you* would 'not be so ungenerous, why believe Sir 'Philip Fitz Aubrey so?'---

'Alas, Father! this is a case which ad- 'mits of no palliative!' mournfully uttered the Knight.

The Abbot now drew his attention from his

his own father, to the guilty actions of his cousin Fitz Alwy, in retaining about him Lord Hontercombe and Sir Bevis de Wilton. For some time Eustace could not believe that the Baron was informed of these suspicions---but when convinced of it, his indignation knew no bounds; he seemed to regard his cousin's conduct with the utmost horror, and exclaimed---

'Was it not for this, how readily could 'I forgive Ethelmorne for hating me! nay, 'I should commend him for it; but while 'he retains these monsters about him, filial 'affection cannot have instigated his con-'duct. Oh, unnatural art! oh, worse 'than parricide!---But I will revenge my 'uncle's death! I will revenge the crime 'of a guilty parent! Well might thy lat-'ter years teem with wretchedness! well 'mightest thou foster the child of thy injured 'brother! poor recompence! to appease a 'brother's injured shade! . . . . . Oh, 'Leofwin! oh, my father!'---

Unable

Unable to say more, he sunk in a deluge of grief on the bosom of the affected Monk, and for some time was deaf to his remonstrances; but, pious was the heart of Eustace, the voice of religion was not long disregarded, and after much exhortation from Father Bertrand, he was restored to some degree of composure. But a cloud from this moment o'ershadowed his beautiful countenance, grief in lines of the most touching expression was written in his face, and sighs deep and frequent burst from his bosom.—Sir Morcar with sorrow remarked his altered appearance, he questioned him concerning it; but Eustace feeling himself unable to account for it, from the keenness of his feelings pressed the hand of Sir Morcar, and gazing in his face with tearful eyes said—

'Generous De Mowbray, I know every 'thing; apply to Father Bertrand.'

No sooner was Sir Morcar informed by Father Bertrand of the strange circumstances

stances of the night, than the wildest ideas seized his imagination; he concealed them however within the coverts of his own breast; he listened with grief to the agitation of Eustace, and could have wished that he had been spared this information; but Father Bertrand's reasons were obvious, and admitted of no reply. His heart became more than ever interested for the amiable and gallant young Knight, and he determined to pursue one steady plan for his service.

On his return to the saloon, he found Sir Eustace in interesting conversation with Sir Edwin Montague: Sir Morcar rallied them on their earnestness, but perceived on Edwin's lifting up his head that he was drowned in tears. It was evidently the irresistible sympathy which had attracted the hearts of these two inestimable young men, which seemed to ripen with their age.

They now prepared to return to Elfwold:

Sir

Sir Morcar had succeeded to his utmost wishes in learning the story of Sir Eustace; he determined to convince Fitz Aubrey of his worth, and full of this generous purpose, he indulged in the idea of pressing his Adela to his bosom with twofold joy: he pursued his way with delight, and his animated countenance told the lightness of his heart; but Eustace and the gentle Edwin, who echoed each other's sighs, pensively and silently rode by his side.

While they had thus passed their time at Wolfnorth, Ethelburga had lived alone upon the idea of Eustace. After a night where his image had appeared in her dreams, eternally dressed in each bewitching charm, which the fond eye of love multiplies manyfold—she awoke to think on him.

He appeared to her imagination in the most attractive form; all doubts of his virtues vanished from her mind, when she thought of him, absent as he was, and the esteem her cousin had for him convinced her

her of his innocence. Although she knew that on the morrow he would return, his absence was insupportable to her; joylessly she anticipated the coming day, how should she wile it way? how should she cheat time of its lingering tediousness? or how forget for a moment his image, which pursued her continually, and had imprinted itself so deeply in her heart? Sir Philip had early in the morning departed for Mont Eagle; she did not expect him to return till night, and the day seemed a void in her life that she knew not how to fill up. But, alas! how inferior appeared this grief, when she remembered that in a few short weeks she should be parted from him for ever!—for how could she imagine that Sir Philip, with the ideas that he entertained of Eustace, would ever invite him to Wolfnorth? And *must she* be parted from him for ever? and *must she* yield her hand to one, who now, in place of indifference, was considered by her

her with abhorrence? She had long since seen enough of Fitz Alwy's character, to perceive that the fair exterior concealed a depraved heart, and she wanted not this further stimulus to make her dislike him. But now, her whole soul was yielded to another, the terrible idea of wedding him filled her with horror and disgust. The dreadful words of her father's will still rung in her ears the death-bell of every hope in this life! she shuddered as she repeated the dreadful words that consigned her to eternal wretchedness, and dissolved into an agony of woe.—In this situation was she found by Augustine d'Aubigny, who, penetrated with lively grief for her sorrow, earnestly and tenderly besought her confidence.

Of all the friends Ethelburga ever knew, none had so earnestly excited her regard as Augustine; to her she had confided many things which she could not disclose to the ear of Sir Philip, but indescribable sensations·

tions had kept her silent even to this dear friend, concerning her passion for Eustace: scarcely indeed was it known to herself, and the discovery was attended with so much anguish, that willingly would she for ever have closed her lips upon the unwelcome topic. But her heart was now o'erpressed with anguish; it wanted a confident to enable it to support the agony it was destined to suffer; and overwhelmed with grief, she sunk dissolved in tears into the arms of Augustine, who fondly loved her and was moved to the heart by her distress; pressing her to her bosom, she thus addressed her—

'Oh my Ethelburga, what afflicts you 'so much? Is Fitz Alwy, or Fitz Alwy's 'illness, the cause of your distress?'

'Oh, name him not!' (interrupted the weeping Ethelburga), 'he is the cause of 'all my grief!—Oh Augustine, Augustine, 'how wretched a fate is mine!'

'Ah! my friend,' (returned the affectionate

tionate girl, tears starting into her eyes) ‘ then you *have*, at length discovered him ‘ to be a villain !—’

‘ Alas ! my Augustine, I have discovered ‘ nothing, save that my heart revolts from ‘ him—he is my aversion !’

A ray of delight shot through the expressive countenance of Augustine, and she exclaimed in animated tones—

‘ Heaven and all the Saints be praised ‘ for this ! Oh Ethelburga ! how has my ‘ heart bled for you, how have I panted to ‘ save you from the dreadful precipice I ‘ saw you hover over ! — But I faithfully ‘ promised Lord de Warrenne, (who I sus- ‘ pect was instigated by Sir Philip Fitz ‘ Aubrey), not to prejudice you against ‘ him, or even to tell you what I know, ‘ unless previously informed of your dislike ‘ to him. Thank God ! the moment is ‘ now arrived, but what has it not cost ‘ me to keep my promise ? I do not think ‘ I could have held out much longer, but ‘ how-

'however, he is indeed the most base of 'mankind; cruel, dishonourable, trea-'cherous—and his conduct to the generous 'Eustace! - - - - - - ah! at that name 'the colour flies your cheeks! - - - - - - 'you tremble! - - - - - you faint! - - - 'My love! my Ethelburga!'

The agitated girl caught the lovely Baroness in her arms; as like a lovely blossom, drooping for want of the air, and dew of heaven, it bends its fair head to the earth. Marble was not paler than her cheek, or colder than the lips that Augustine fondly pressed; slowly she re-opened those beautiful eyes which now confusedly avoided her friend, who however pressing her hand, cried in extacy—

'Oh my Ethelburga! why need you 'blush to own that you return the love of 'the most amiable youth in the world? 'He tenderly loves you—I have long seen 'him sinking under the effects of a hopeless 'passion; I have long watched, and

'secretly pitied his unmerited fate. Never, 'never, my Ethelburga, can you bestow 'your heart more worthily!——But com- 'pose yourself, do not strive to hide from 'me the feelings of your heart; is not 'Eustace, the gallant Eustace, the owner 'of it?—and Fitz Alwy———'

'Alas!' (said Ethelburga in the most melancholy tone), 'my wretched fate I 'own to thee, my Augustine, in one fatal 'sentence—I love, tenderly love Eustace! 'and I detest Fitz Alwy!'

'Oh, say not wretched fate, my friend! 'it will not be so; your guardian, when 'he knows all, will no longer enforce the 'command of your father, a command 'which, had he lived, he most certainly 'upon the knowledge of Fitz Alwy would 'have revoked. It is unnatural to sup- 'pose a father would knowingly wed his 'child to vice and impiety:—no, my friend, 'look not so piteously, withdraw your mind 'from the clouded prospect that you have

'cre-

'created—and listen to the history of your 'amiable lover; a history which will bind 'him more closely to your heart, and 'prove that there is not his equal in the 'world.'

Augustine sent their apology to the Baron, and made Ethelburga breakfast in her room, when in sweet accents and energetic language she told the history of Eustace.

How varied were the feelings of the Baroness, as she listened to this history!—Admiration of her lover, hatred and abhorrence for Fitz Alwy, were her principal sensations; and when Augustine concluded, she indeed thought there was not his equal in the world. Long, long they conversed upon this interesting topic, and the heart of Ethelburga felt relieved from an insupportable weight of woe by the confidence she had given to Augustine, who soothed her by her tenderness, and

comforted her by assurances of hope and joy.

Artless and unlessoned as were the feelings of the young Baroness, she yielded to the illusions of fancied happiness, which a little reflection had taught her it was next to impossible that she should ever enjoy. But the difficulties of her situation faded before the ardent rays of hope in her young and animated heart, buoyant with dreams of anticipated bliss; and she felt for the moment a thrill of delight which had been for a long time a stranger to her bosom. Joy produces a light and rapid circulation in the frame, which brings with it life and health; sorrow chills the faculties of the soul, and stagnates the current of life. Ethelburga felt the effulgence of happiness; her cheek was painted by a livelier tint, the fire of hope beamed from her eyes; thus she entered the saloon—but Eustace was not there—a thrill of disappointment

pointment ran through her heart; the smile left her beautiful lips, and as she felt his absence a cloud again stole over her spirits.

Not till late did the good Warden return; Ethelburga had retired to her apartments, and was hastening to her pillow, that in sleep she might forget the absence of her lover, and wake to joy---to gaze on him once more! The affectionate Fitz Aubrey could not, however, retire to his pillow, until he had assured himself that she was well, and had heard her sweet accents bid him good night as he conversed, Ethelburga remarked an unusual cloud hung upon his spirits, his face was o'ercast with grief, and frequent sighs broke from his breast; as she gazed on him, she took his hand and tenderly said—

'Dearest Fitz Aubrey! why so sad 'methinks you see clouds stealing upon us, 'or I should not see you thus? You were 'not wont to be so, my more than father!

'Why

'Why does melancholy cloud your counte-
'nance?—You smile on me, but 'tis a
'mournful smile! which plainly tells me
'all is not right within.'

Sir Philip, unable to support her tender-
ness, rose to depart; he pressed her fondly
to his trembling heart, and faintly mur-
mured—

'Oh my Ethelburga! for *you* indeed I
'have a thousand fears! *your* happiness or
'sorrow is the source of all my feelings! Life
'to *me*, Ethelburga, is alone precious as long
'as I can conduce to make you happy—but
'when that ceases, when *that* is no longer
'in my power, it is to me a load of misery,
'a weight of unutterable wretchedness, that
'I am not able to support!——Nay, hang
'not around me! dear interesting maid!
'gaze not thus affectionately on my face!—
'You rack my very soul!——I cannot an-
'swer for my sanity, if *you*, my Ethelburga,
'unnerve the tender fibres of my heart! - - '

He tore himself away from her with a
look

look of agony; and a shower of tears bathed her cheeks, as she remarked the wildness and distraction of his manly interesting countenance.

Chap. IV.

" She slowly, lonely, mov'd over Lena.
" Her face was pale like the mist of Cromla;
" Dark were the tears of her cheek."

Ossian.

When the Knights dismounted in the court, Eustace repaired to his chamber: he dreaded to meet the eye of Fitz Aubrey, and shuddered with shame and dismay, as much as if he himself had committed a murder, and felt as guilty too. He lingered even beyond a reasonable time; and while he gazed as if his heart would leave his breast upon that part of the Castle which Ethelburga inhabited, yet he avoid-

ed

ed and dreaded the hour which obliged him to appear before her: of such, and so delicate a nature was the texture of his feelings.

At length he descended to the banquet-hall; an air of melancholy o'ershadowed his countenance, which was pale and interesting, but the moment he caught a beam of Ethelburga's animated eye, every sad sensation was banished from his breast! and the clouds dispersed from his countenance, as the mist before the rays of an April morn!

He eagerly approached her; his dark eye courted her smiles not in vain, and she kindly said---

'You are returned, Sir Eustace? may I 'hope you were amused at Wolfnorth?'

Overpowered by her kindness, he appeared covered with confusion; but soon regaining all his exquisite power of expression, he ventured during the course of the evening to manifest, in a more open man-

ner than he had hitherto done, the admiration he felt for her. To Ethelburga how soothing was the conviction of his love! every cheerless thought was banished from her heart by his presence, and her beautiful countenance expressed in the most decided manner, the happiness that reigned within. Eustace, the tender Eustace was lost in a transport of joy! he looked upon the transactions of the evening as a pleasing dream; and as he gazed in rapture upon the form of his Ethelburga, as he listened to the tones of her voice, which when she addressed him involuntarily melted into a softer melody, every rude sensation was hushed, and his senses were lulled into a sweet and fascinating delirium.

When they parted for the night, his heart thrilled too sensibly with feelings of delight, to permit him to retire to repose, and extinguishing his useless taper, he drew near his open casement, and indulged in the soft refreshing breezes of a summer night.

night. Philomel poured a mournful strain upon the gale, a heavenly harmony of simple melody! which, congenial to his feelings, wrapt his soul in sweet delicious tranquillity. How willingly would he have stolen from the Castle walls, to spend the night in *that* grove which Philomel inhabited! to have rested beneath the umbrageous foliage, and answered each sweet note, with the name of Ethelburga!

But alas! the Castle gates were closed; impenetrable securities, watchful centinels paced the ramparts, and forbade approach. While he yet indulged in these soft pleasing emotions, the figure of his adored mistress, who had stolen from her pillow in a loose robe, approached the window—

'What should keep my Ethelburga 'waking?' he softly whispered to himself: 'Congenial love!' conscience and hope replied to his enamoured soul, and plunged him once more into a delirium of rapture. He remarked her gaze upon his tower chamber;

chamber; his heart bounded in his breast, and he watched her with breathless attention until she retired to repose. He now turned from his window, when a light in the chamber of Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey attracted his attent or, and near the window sat two figures, one of which he knew to be De Mowbray. The consciousness of the tale he was relating, agitated his h art; he grew powerfully interested, when tearing himself from his casement, he knelt for a few moments at the feet of his saviour, and then retired to repose.

True were the surmises of Eustace concerning De Mowbray; he had retired with Sir Philip to his chamber, and by the pleasure that seemed to illuminate his heart, struck a dagger into that of Fitz Aubrey.

'Well, my friend,' (said the brave Morcar) 'all my suspicions are confirmed: 'Eustace is the most virtuous of his 'kind.———'

'And

'And Ethelmorne—' murmured Fitz Aubrey.

'Is the most base, the most perfidious, 'the most cruel—'

A groan from Sir Philip arrested his voice; he saw him pale and agonized sinking into his chair, with one hand he pressed his breaking heart, the other was lifted in a supplicating attitude to Heaven! Agony seemed to have obtained her utmost height, as in a voice of deep-rooted despair he cried—

'And my Ethelburga! my Ethelburga!

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'- - - - - - - - '

A long conversation ensued; Sir Morcar related to him every particular of Eustace's story, and ended by a description of the apparition of his uncle appearing to him; and the display of his feelings on the disclosure which Father Bertrand had made to him. The various emotions of the good Warden were manifest in his countenance;

countenance; he spoke not, but listened with breathless attention, and when he ended, Sir Morcar was surprised at the expression of strange import that dwelt upon his countenance.

Wild, indescribable conjectures had seized the brain of Sir Philip, he cherished th m with rapture, and the unaccountable incidents of Eustace's early life gave birth to the strangest surmises. To Sir Morcar he unfolded what was passing in his mind; he regretted the discovery, and was affected even to tears by the description of the youth's anguish: the character of Fitz Alwy struck him with horror, but he still declared that the will of Lord Falconberg was without appeal. Whatever the good Warden surmised, Sir Morcar had previously conceived, and they both agreed in one opinion, that the marriage of Ethelburga should be delayed.

Day-light dawned upon them, and found them still conversing; but their words passed

passed not to human ear! . . they were hid, impenetrably concealed. . . . . .

Now glided away the hours at Elfwold; the manner of Sir Philip was enveloped in mystery, to Eustace he was kind, nay sometimes inexpressibly tender! he would gaze on him for hours, wrapt in thought; sometimes he would start from him with horror — at others, court his society and listen to him with delight. Sometimes he would chide Ethelburga for her manifested partiality to the youth, and remind her of her engagements to Fitz Alwy; at others, he would wander with them alone, and watch their artless signs of love with powerful feelings of delight. Whatever were his thoughts, his conduct was strangely inconsistent---the result of feelings too tender for human nature to possess; and he thus nursed the fatal passion of this devoted pair—each hour strengthening their love, and binding them more closely to each other's hearts.

Fitz

Fitz Alwy was confined by illness at Mont Eagle; he constantly wrote to Ethelburga, but received only cold insensible replies; they were therefore uninterrupted by him, and their hours passed swiftly on.

Every heart, however, was not at peace at Elfwold, and amongst those who felt the keenest pain, the Countess Ermengarda suffered. She had conceived a violent passion for Sir Eustace, and wavered each moment between love and pride — Love prompted her to offer him her hand and fortune, an offer which she never for a moment believed it possible that he could refuse— Pride made her shrink from the idea of orming a connection with the younger branch of *any* family; particularly with one devoid of fortune, possessions, and expectations. 'Tis true she saw that he had attached himself to Ethelburga, but 'schooled,' as she was, 'in the science of 'love's mazy wiles,' the refined and artless manifestations of his passion—so delicate,

so

so respectful, and at the same time so simply expressive,—were not conceived by her to be the effusions of fixed determined love: brought up in the circles of a depraved court, she hesitated not to believe, that the offer of her hand, so much above his expectations, would be accepted with delight. But although Ethelburga was not an object to alarm her jealousy, she had caused, and was consequently an object of her hatred.

Rosalie, too, more delicately and more sensibly, suffered the keen killing pangs of hopeless love: the rose had faded from her cheek, lustreless were her beautiful eyes, and sorrow, friend to death, seemed in impatient strides to be hastening her to the silent tomb. The heart of Rosalie was fond and ardent; her mind sincere and undisguised, and hitherto unclouded by a single grief. Of all her lovers, none had hitherto interested her, for they had failed to touch her soul! but Edwin—his extreme beauty, his

his gentleness, his virtue, had won her affectionate heart, and was fixed, immovably fixed in the inmost recesses of her soul. His artless kindness, his affectionate attention, had more than ever riveted her chains; and when he remarked to her with tender solicitude, the sad change in her manner (unconscious as he was that he, and *he alone*, was the source of all her griefs!), he spoke in so soft, so sweet a tone, that sometimes she was deluded by the hope, that her affection was returned. Augustine had rallied her, until she found that rallying had only distressed her—Adela fondly felt for her: but Ethelburga, the cause of all her woe, was, at the same time the only confident of her bosom; and here, alas! she found encouragement to her passion, for Ethelburga loved them, and secretly hoped still to see them united. A circumstance however soon occurred, which broke away every delusion but too unequivocally, and stamped

stamped her at once the most wretched of her sex.

One day as the unhappy maid, anxious to be alone, had sought the inmost recesses of the umbrageous copses, and breathed sighs of deep unutterable anguish, Edwin unseen approached: he had watched her quit the Castle alone; he marked a secret purpose in her expressive eye, and followed, innocently hoping to assuage her griefs. As he approached the bower where she had entered, he heard a soft plaintive voice sing the following mournful tale:—

Rosalie's Song.

Beneath the heights where Gyges' temple stood,
Arose a verdant and sequester'd wood;
A shade, where Pannes and the nymphs delight
To pass the heat of day, the cool of night;
A rippling current wound in many a rill,
Around the emerald borings of the hill;
The forest's pride out-stretch'd its verdant arms,
To shade the flowers, and to make their charms

Acca-

Acastus own'd this sweet and tranquil place,
Who here repos'd him from the arduous chase;
Acastus, genius of the woods and groves,
Whom every nymph admires, and every goddess loves!—
As here reclin'd the beauteous hunter lay,
Reposing from the pleasures of the day;
With sapphire eyes veil'd o'er, and bosom bare,
A thousand zephyrs wanton in his hair;

Reveal his cheek, with hectic tinted o'er,
Which sham'd the loveliest hue of blushing flower!
The luckless goddess of the woods and vales,
Shunning the boisterous and intemperate gales,
Unheeding hither flew—alas! too soon
She felt the symptoms of her fatal doom!
Vallonia gazes on the beauteous form—
She marks each grace united to adorn—

She sips of love!—she feels the rapid dart
Pierce to the inmost coverts of her heart!
Vallonia now was doom'd the pains to prove,
The pains (how cruel!) of relentless love!
No more the river's tide, pellucid streams,
Can charm with vision'd joys her waking dreams!
No more the feather'd songster's plaintive song
Can win the praises of her love-sick tongue!

She nourishes a wound in every vein,
And fast consumes by unrelenting pain!
In vain she mingles sighs in every gale,
In vain her mournful tones her fate bewail.
Acastus, whom her plaintive accents move,
Has given to another nymph his love!
Now sad and sorrowful her accents flow,
A beauteous monody of tender woe!—

Acastus, heedless of the mournful tale,
Which murmur'd in the bosom of the gale,
Each day with witching form and fatal grace,
Pursues the futile pleasures of the chase;
And adds each hour another pain-tipp'd dart,
To wound Vallonia's fond and love-sick heart;
Nor heeded that his emerald-tinted grove,
Contain'd a heart, the seat of hopeless love!

Now he pursues with keen unerring dart
Th' umbrageous windings of the spotted hart;
Pursu'd by one so fair, it scarcely flies,
But hails the arrow! gazes, weeps, anddies!—
But now Acastus marks a nobler chase,
A hart of milk-white hue and matchless grace,
Bound from the woods, and swift its course pursue;
And when he joins it, oft the flight renew.

As young Acastus on its footsteps gains,
The beauteous creature still the chase maintains:
'Impetuous hart,' the lovely hunter cries,
In vain pursues it, for it quickly flies,
Till with the chase the hart now panting lies.
'No more, thou bounder of the woods and groves,
'No more from me thy fleeter footstep roves,'
He cried—alas! too fatal was the dart,
It reach'd unerring poor Vallonia's heart!
And she whom late the deer's fair figure drest,
Lay now, in death, a beauteous nymph confest.

That heart which late consum'd with tender fires,
Now by Acastus' hand as quick expires;
In vain Vallonia lifts her beauteous eye,
In vain her bosom heaves the parting sigh!
In vain Acastus execrates the dart,
And strives to heal by every soothing art;
And as he stoop'd to dry the trickling tear,
These trembling accents soft salute his ear:
'Oh youth ador'd! weep not Vallonia's death!
'Since thou all-pitying tak'st her latest breath!
'For me, alas! life had no pleasure prov'd,
'Doom'd as I am to live for e'er remov'd
'From thee, Acastus, whom my soul so lov'd!

'Weep

'Weep not, thou hunter of the happy plains!
'Weep not; but list thee to my tender pains!
'Pains which have thus cut short the vital breath,
'And sent me timeless to the shades of death!

'I saw thee beauteous as the early dawn,
'That robes in saffron tint the blushing morn;
'I saw thy lovely eye of sapphire hue,
'Those glances sweet that shame th' ethereal blue;
'I saw those features, form'd with nicest grace,
'Nature's sweet master-piece, thy matchless face;
'Adorn'd with ringlets of thy auburn hair,
'Whose tint and softness was beyond compare;
'I saw thee perfect——and my willing heart
'Heav'd to receive the keen, the matchless dart—
'Too late I writh'd beneath the piercing smart!

'I knew not that the goddess of the groves
'Had claim'd Acastus, whom my soul so loves!
'Alas! too soon I heard the fatal tale,
'Which ev'ry tongue seem'd anxious to reveal!
'Too late for me——for all my peace was gone—
'Joy, hope, and health, were flown! for ever flown!—

'My strength recedes—no more my swimming sight
'Can view thy matchless form with fond delight;

'Oh

'Oh blessed fate! that by Acastus' dart,
'Should cease to throb this fond adoring heart!
'Oh blessed fate! Acastus drops a tear!
'Vallonia's sighs are murmur'd in his ear!—
'Sighs mix with sighs—he sips my latest breath,
'And yields——Acastus yields me up to death!—
'Once more I gaze!!!'—Alas! her voice is o'er,
And poor Vallonia breathes—to breathe no more!—

Sobs had frequently interrupted the pathos of her song, and as she finished, with a deep sigh she exclaimed---

'Ah, enviable Vallonia! your fate was 'blessed indeed! you died in the arms of 'him your soul adored! *He* pitied the 'tears which trickled from your eyes! and 'wept over your fate---while *I*, lost that I 'am, my sorrows are unfelt by him, and 'my fate unpitied!'

A deep sob broke from the gentle Edwin, whose eyes were full of tears; innocently he entered the shadowy recess, a cry from Rosalie alarmed him, and in the next

next moment he pressed her lifeless in his arms.

'Lovely Rosalie!' (he cried, as he affectionately strove to revive her), 'what 'moves thy soul thus painfully? Dear affectionate maid, make me the confident 'of your sorrows; I will be a faithful 'friend, and will serve you to the latest 'hour of my life.'—

'Oh God, Edwin!' cried the wretched girl, who had for a moment deceived herself into fallacious hope.

She gazed upon his lovely form, now adorned by all the graces of tenderness, and drank deeper of the bitter cup.

'And dost thou feel for me, Sir Edwin?' she innocently said.

'Feel for thee, Rosalie! oh, do I not 'feel for thee? Reveal, dear maid, your sor-'rows to my confidence.'

A thousand painful sensations crowded to her heart; timidity chained her tongue, which trembled to utter, 'I adore thee,

'Edwin, and thou art the cause of all my 'grief.' He still retained her hand, unconscious that his pressure caused the tremulous emotion of it, that so much alarmed him—while she sat with her eyes full of tears, bent to the ground. At length Sir Edwin Montague, who guessed her pallid cheek and sunken eye were the effects of hopeless love, gently broke silence.

'Rosalie, fear not to repose in me the 'secret of your heart! no one so sensibly 'as myself can appreciate the sorrows of 'a luckless passion; . . . . . I have---I 'have, many months, suffered a hopeless '. . . . . ' He was proceeding, when a look of unutterable agony from Rosalie arrested his tongue, she pressed his hands wildly on her bosom, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven, said in low tumultuous accents of despair—

'Then I am lost, indeed!---for thou, 'Edwin, thou art the cause of all my bit-'ter anguish! *thou* art Acastus, and *I* the

'lost

'lost Vallonia! may God have mercy on 'me!' . . . . . .

She pressed his hand, which she held to her cold pallid lips; and with a convulsive sigh, which seemed to burst its lovely tenement, rushed from the arbour.

Sir Edwin was chained to his seat by a mingled accumulation of the most painful sensations, he wept over her sorrows.

'Would to God I had returned thy pas-'sion, generous enthusiastic Rosalie!' he said, as he mournfully arose to re-enter the Castle.

From this moment he strove in vain to divest himself of his passion for the Baroness, and to return the artless affection of the now expiring maid—Alas! 'twas useless! and he yielded himself to calm resignation; had the party at Elfwold drunk of the fountains of Ardenna, they could not have been more directly opposite in sentiments.

Ethelred of Mont Rose was the sole con-

fident of Edwin, to him alone was the secret of his bosom known; but Ethelred had seen the affection of Rosalie for his friend; how happy had he been to be the object of her heart! for he secretly and ardently admired her. But his infant passion was generous and disinterested, and he remonstrated with Edwin on his insensibility. They wandered together one day in the copses around Elfwold, when to Ethelred's arguments De Montague made the following reply—

'Alas, my friend! are not the arguments 'of Rosalie's virtues likewise an argument 'against my deceiving her? I esteem 'Rosalie, I feel for her the warmest sen- 'sations of gratitude and affection; and 'shall I repay her artless tenderness by 'bestowing upon her a person whose heart 'doth not return her love? Oh no, Rosalie 'deserves a happier fate! her affection, 'generous as it is, shall not be wasted 'on an ingrate. I am not vain enough to

'imagine

'imagine that I have made so serious an
'impression on her heart, but that she
'will soon forget me, and yield her affec-
'tions to one more worthy of her; I never
'will return her tenderness, by offering her
'a heart long since devoted to another.
'Besides, is not the idea in itself madness?
'are not the Baron's desires evidently fixed
'upon her wedding Lord Guiscard de
'Mont Real? and, though I sincerely hope
'he never may possess her, *I* am not the
'person who should frustrate his designs.
'Would it be generous in me to repay his
'kindness, by robbing him of so dear a child
'—or the dear Rosalie, by tearing her
'from the arms of a father who adores
'her, and plunging her into dishonour,
'poverty, and neglect? — Alas! pro-
'scribed as I am, my very name branded
'with infamy, could I bear to see her
'stigmatized on my account? . . No,
'Ethelred; even if I loved her, honour for-
'bids the act; and as the state of my un-

'fortunate

fortunate mind precludes the possibility
'of returning her passion, I never will
'offer her half a heart!—Alas, I find that
'time, 'stead of decreasing, nourishes my
'love for Ethelburga! It is now a part
'of my existence, I have ceased to wish to
'divest myself of it; but honour to the ge-
'nerous Eustace will cause this fatal secret
'to die with me. Happy, happy Eustace!
'may no untoward circumstances ever in-
'trude to marr the happiness of thee and
'Ethelburga! . . . . . But for me,
'Mont Rose, I have only one remaining
'wish—it is, to die in their service; wil
'lingly would I sacrifice my life to obtai
'for my adored, my sainted Ethelburga th
'object of her love---her Eustace! Mad
'as you may term it, I shall cherish
'passion, this idol of my consuming heart
'too happy, if in her service I can exp
'pronouncing the name of Ethelburga

With wild enthusiasm Edwin utt
the last sentence; he raised his an

eyes to heaven — while Ethelred, bathed in tears, walked speechless by his side.

'Alas, poor Edwin!' De Wilton, who for no good purpose loitered around Elfwold, had overheard their conversation; a diabolical smile passed o'er his features, and the words of the devoted youth, and the discovery of his passion, were treasured in his heart, for the most infernal purpose; he turned from the copse, rejoicing in the information he had gained, and muttered as he went—'*Thou shalt have thy heart's* '*desire, hated Montague!*'

One other heart beat with corroding sorrow in Elfwold---Sir Vortimer, the most amiable of his kind, had from the moment he had been introduced, felt the sincerest affection for the mild Agnes. He had sought by every attentive art to banish the gloom and sorrow too apparent in her countenance, he had attended her with the fondest affection, and his virtues, his valour, his [illegible]

and his piety, could not fail to gain a place in her esteem.

Defining the sentiment justly, Agnes had never *loved* Fitz Alwy; admiration and gratitude had attached her to him, but she never approved either his conduct or his sentiments; and ever since his dishonourable action towards her, she had regarded him with very sincere hatred.

The good opinion she had conceived of Sir Vortimer, soon grew into a very powerful passion; he melted her heart by his despair, and won her to acknowledge a return to his love. But at the same time that they were happy in the sentiment that they had conceived for each other, they were miserable when they reflected on the impossibility of their union. The Baron, from his liberality and profusion, had injured his fortune considerably, and to his children he looked forward to support the dignity of his house; it was impossible therefore he should ever consent to his son's

marriage

marriage with the fortuneless Agnes, even had not the mystery of her birth rendered this still more objectionable. Agnes' appearance had been a matter of surprise to every one: Sir Philip knew that before Lord Osmond's departure to the Holy Land, Leofwin's wife was dead, and that he then had only one child, which was Eustace; and although Fitz Arnulf had been absent some time at the court of England, it had never been supposed that he had married a second time.

It was from one of these excursions, however, that he returned, bringing with him the infant Agnes and her attendant, who pretended she did not know any thing concerning the birth of the child. It was generally supposed, that she was a natural child, and as such she was considered both by the Falconbergs and De Warrennes. Amongst those who saw and pitied the situation of Vortimer and Agnes, none seemed to feel for them so much as

the venerable Earl of Thanet; the mildness of whose manners and the goodness of whose heart had won the affections of all, while the settled despondency of his manner had touched their souls. To Agnes he appeared particularly attached; he would gaze on her till his eyes filled with tears, and ask her story repeatedly: his affection became the jest at Elfwold, as it seemed too fond, too tender, for mere friendship.

Edwin and Ethelred asked the amiable Sir Eustacius de Mont Rosa the cause of his sorrow; to which he replied—

'The particulars of his grief, every one, 'I believe, is unacquainted with; but on 'my entreating him to confide to me the 'cause that evidently preys upon his spirits, 'the good old man fell upon my neck 'bathed in tears, and in words scarcely ar- 'ticulate, exclaimed—

'"Oh my Eustacius! *I had* a wife! a

'"dear

' " dear angelic wife! I had a child - - - -
' " a *villain*, an unknown *villain* robbed
' " me of them both! Oh God! ——"

'And he seemed so much affected by the
' recollection, that I never questioned him
' more---poor old man! But Sir Ercon wald
' Fitz Thane, who is his sister's youngest
' son, told me, he recollects some strange
' dreadful story concerning his aunt St. Flo-
' riana, countess of Thanet, (who was an
' Italian lady of surprising beauty,) being
' murdered with her child by some un-
' known knight—and which was the cause
' of that black scarf and plumes that his
' uncle wore, and which he had sworn
' never to lay aside until he had discovered
' the murderer of his wife: and though
' sixteen years have passed away since this
' event happened, the venerable earl has
' sunk into a premature old age, and in-
' dulges in all the poignancy of grief, as if
' it happened but yesterday.'

Sir Ethelred was now so far recovered

that

that Fitz Alwy desired his attendance at Mont Eagle, and Edwin mourned the departure of his friend most keenly; in short all the Castle regretted his absence, where his admirable and lively temper had made him generally beloved.

Chap. V.

"Oh Bragela! thou art too far remote to cheer the soul of the hero. But let him see thy bright form in his mind, that his thoughts may return to the lonely sunbeam of his love!——— But Lamdey never yields. He will fight the son of Cairbar!"

Ossian.

Two days only now remained before the marriages were to take place; and it was settled, that immediately afterwards the De Warrenne family should go to Wolfnorth, where Ethelburga begged to have the pleasure of entertaining them, and to her surprise and joy, Sir Philip and Sir Morcar included Sir Eustace in the invitation.

Sir Philip wished to go to the Castle, in order to have some preparations made for their reception; and he was accompanied by Sir Morcar, Sir Eustace, De Lucy, Sir Edwin,

Edwin, Sir Stanley, Sir Vortimer, and Sir Eliss. They were to return to dinner; Sir Morcar had requested Father Bertrand to perform the ceremony, and the good Abbot was to return with them.

With what exquisite joy did the gallant Morcar run through the rooms, giving orders for the reception of the bride, and anticipating in his mind a scene of unalloyed happiness. Hilarity reigned triumphant through the happy assembly, who hastily settled the necessary arrangements, and with eager hearts set out on their return. The good Bertrand, seated on a mule, accompanied them; he was attended by eight inferior priests, who were to assist those of the De Warrennes in the august ceremony.

Eustace and Edwin regarded De Mowbray with smiles of pleasure, so extravagantly lively was the deportment of the chieftain; and Stanley, no less ridiculous, frolicked round his brother in the most animated manner. As they returned across

the

the moor, a person hurrying to meet them struck the eye of De Lucy; the happy party heeded it not, but De Lucy remarked an eager consternation in his manner that occasioned him to hurry forward. It was Sir Robert de Tressy, esquire to Lord de Warrenne, who with alarm in his countenance demanded if they knew aught of the Lady Adela—

'Good God!' (cried Lord de Lucy)—'is she missing?'

'We have lost her these two hours,' (returned old Sir Robert); 'the ladies Ethel-'burga and Augustine heard cries in the 'east copse, and the Castle is in confusion.'

'Confusion!' (cried Sir Morcar with a countenance wild with agitation) 'con-'fusion to the wretches who have robbed 'me of my Adela!—Oh Eustace!-----' and without uttering more, he rode furiously to the Castle.

Sir Eustacius, Sir Erconwald, and Lord Tankerville, now joined them; and the knights

knights received the fatal conviction that Adela had been conveyed away.

'How was she lost?' asked the good Warden. Sir Eustacius replied, 'She had 'left the saloon to walk round the east plan-'tations, whither the Lady Agnes was to 'follow her, but she was accidentally de-'tained a few moments in her own apart-'ment. The Baroness and the Lady Au-'gustine were sitting together in the octa-'tagon room, when they heard distant 'cries; alarmed, they arose, and the Ba-'roness desired Oswy to run to the Baron 'de Warrenne and tell him she wished to 'speak to him. The child, in his haste, 'tumbled down the flight of steps; his 'cries alarmed Sir Aymer de Valance, who 'took him up, and learnt that he was going 'to fetch the Baron. Sir Aymer, not 'knowing the occasion of the errand, had 'stopped him to bathe his nose, which had 'bled profusely, and consequently the ladies 'waited in vain for the Baron. The Ba-

'roness

'roness sent for Sir Durant, he was not to 'be found; therefore she searched, with 'Augustine, the Castle half over, before 'she found the Baron; at which time 'Agnes, in wild affright, rushed in, and 'declared that she could no where find 'Adela, but she had found her veil lying 'on the ground strangely torn. In a mo- 'ment all was confusion! we have been in 'all directions, but no trace of her is to be 'found, nor can we hear of any person ha- 'ving been seen loitering about the Castle.'

They now arrived at Elfwold, and found the Baron in an agony of despair, which could only be equalled by Sir Morcar's, whose noble heart was torn by the most anxious fears, and who scarcely commanded the use of his superior intellects. Sir Philip, who perceived much prudence could not be expected from persons in so great an agitation, exhorted them to listen to reason, and not set out altogether in a wild pursuit—when it was likely the Lady Adela

Adela was conveyed by this time far out of their reach, and it was first necessary to ascertain who had got her: and while he was yet speaking, Sir Durant Fitz Osborne entered—

'I hear' (said he) 'the lady Adela is 'missing, I have seen what will perhaps 'cast some light upon her seizure: As I 'was walking in the western pine wood, I 'heard a rustling in the shrubs around me; 'and called out and asked who was there, 'but receiving no answer, prepared to exa-'mine them; when several men, in the 'livery of Fitz Godwin of Alnwick, rushed 'out, and soon were beyond my reach.'

'Fitz Godwin,' (exclaimed Sir Morcar vehemently) 'I have oft seen regarding my 'Adela, envious of my happiness.

'He has a castle about a league and a 'half distant,' (said Sir Philip) 'if indeed 'she is not likewise conveyed to Roslyn 'Fortress.' (Sir Morcar seemed scarcely able to support himself, under his excess of

rage

rage and despair.) 'But, my dear De 'Mowbray, I will soon restore her to you; 'this instant I go to issue an order for the 'inspecting of the Border Castles; and un- 'less they convey her into the interior, she 'cannot be long concealed; in the mean 'time, I advise your guarding all the north- 'ern passes—by which means my orders 'will be rendered effectual.'

Sir Morcar de Mowbray resigned himself to the direction of Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, who shortly arranged their motions in the following manner:—

'You, De Mowbray, and Sir Vortimer, 'take fifty of your vassals, and let Lord de 'Lucy join you with his, to secure the pas- 'sage of Redwald and Ravensthorn.—Sir 'Henry Murray, you Edwin, and Sir Eliss 'd'Aubigny, ascend the heights at the east- 'ern boundaries, take your twenty archers, 'Sir Edwin, and let them be joined by fifty 'or sixty of De Warrenne's; I would advise 'your separating in three bodies, and scour-

'ing

'ing the heights, which admit of many 'passes. You, Sir Eustace, and my bro- 'ther, take the men of Fort Arnulf, and in- 'stantly encamp at Frith pass.

'Lord Guiscard de Mont Real, Godfrey 'de Valance, and Lord Tankerville, take 'forty axe-men, and guard the pass at 'Roslyn.———I will sign your orders 'instantly, and go to Wolfnorth and bring 'further support.'

The good Warden sat down to sign the necessary orders as guardian of the Borders, in order to enable him to send to them a guard: his assistance yielded infinite comfort to Sir Morcar, as his wisdom, his power, and his unbounded knowledge of the country, rendered all his deeds effectual.

The young men were soon on their horses, and on their way to their different posts.—Stanley pressed Augustine to his heart in indescribable emotions, and execrated this delay to his happiness. The pass he was appointed

pointed with Sir Eustace to guard was close upon Fort Arnulf, and scarcely out of sight of Elfwold; the pass guarded by Sir Morcar, Sir Vortimer, and de Lucy, was nearly three leagues distant.

Sir Eustace was determined to guard both by sea and land; he dispatched Edgar of Northwood with twenty archers in boats to coast along the shore, and then with Stanley kept a most strict watch.

Twilight had long enveloped each object, and the moon shone with beautiful splendor, when a horseman whose breastplate glittered in its rays approached, he was galloping furiously from Fort Arnulf.

'News! news!' (cried Sir Stanley, and he galloped up to the horseman.)

'A packet for Lord Eustace Fitz Arnulf! 'I have been to Elfwold and the fortress 'after him; Sir Ethelred ordered me to 'deliver it into no hands but his!

'Right, Victor,' (exclaimed Sir Eustace) 'but

'but I know not how I shall read it, I 'must to the fort: yon night lamp is too 'far distant to admit of my reading this 'billet,'——and leaving Sir Stanley with his brave vassals, he rode with the esquire of Sir Ethelred to the fortress, and by the light of a lanthorn read the following:—

"Ere you receive this, you will have lost "the Lady Adela de Warrenne. She has "been seized by Lord de Morthemer, and "carried to Ravensthorn. It is his inten- "tion, I can tell you, to hold out against "the united forces of De Mowbray and "De Warrenne; and I, by what I can "understand *here*, fear you will have hard "work of it. Place confidence *alone* "in *this account*; whatever you hear to "the contrary, is false, for many attempts "will be made to mislead you. I would "have brought this information myself, "but am pursued even into my bedchamber "by those eternal plagues Sir John and "Sir Guy. Black Bevis too is recovered,

"and

"and has taken it into his head to over-
"load me with civility. God knows if
"Victor will return undiscovered! Fare-
"well. Remember me to De Montague,
"and heaven prosper your undertakings!

"Mont Rose."

"Yet a word—*Your* amiable relative,
"and *my* amiable master, is deep in the
"plot, you may depend upon it—would to
"God I was away!"

Transported with joy, Eustace hastily dispatched Victor, and sent for Sir Stanley and his troops; recalled Edgar from the sea, and all set out for Elfwold: they were astonished at his return, but the mystery was soon explained by the note of Mont Rose. The Baron raged like a lion of the forest; and the ladies were in the utmost consternation for their lovely friend. Sir Eustace rested not long, being all impatience to join Sir Morcar, who unconsciously

sciously was guarding the very pass where his mistress was confined.

When the Baron was informed that his daughter was at Ravensthorn, he exclaimed in despair—

'Then my child is lost for ever! not 'even your valour and skill, Eustace, com- 'bined with that of Sir Morcar—not all the 'united forces of England and Scotland— 'will avail, for the Castle is impregnable.'

'Despair not, my Lord,' (replied Sir Eustace) 'we can oblige them in time to 'surrender, nor do I fear making a forcible 'entry.'

'His castles are each situated on, to us, 'an inaccessible rock,' (returned the Baron) 'to attack them is destruction, while they 'may laugh at our vain endeavours.'

Stanley was dispatched to Sir Philip; and Eustace, taking a hurried refreshment and a hasty farewell of his adored Ethelburga, (who admired and loved him for his

his eager conduct) set off for Redwald and Ravensthorn, while the other parties were recalled for a time to Elfwold. When Sir Stanley arrived at Wolfnorth, he flew to his brother—

'Philip, we have discovered who has 'got her!' he cried. Joy illumined the good Warden's countenance; but when he heard that she was at Ravensthorn, he, like the Baron, was plunged into despair.

'There alone' (he cried) 'De Morthe-'mer is powerful! *his* name is unfortunately 'coupled with mine as guardian of the 'north passes on *that* side; and for this 'purpose his two fortresses are the strongest 'in the north—nature and art have united 'to render this pass *impassable* except-'ing at *his* pleasure, either from the 'north or the English side; the entrance 'of the Castles lies beneath them both. 'I see no chance promising so much suc-'cess, as my instantly demanding from 'De Morthemer the bride of De Mowbray;

'Fitz Alwy too may be of use in this busi-
'ness, he may prevail on his friend to yield
'her up. But should he persist in re-
'taining her, I see no prospect but of a
'long and destructive siege; and we shall
'have no plan left but to starve them into
'a surrender. There can be nothing done
'however to-night: to-morrow at dawn I
'will send you in my name, accompanied
'by our faithful herald, Valiant, to demand
'her in form: but I fear it will avail nought,
'and our troops must instantly be pre-
'pared for service.'

When Eustace arrived at Redwald and Ravensthorn, the situation of the fortresses wore indeed a formidable appearance.

At this spot a chain of rocks had been rent asunder by some violent convulsion of nature, and left a space of fifty feet between them, forming a chasm of two hundred and twenty feet deep—these rocks were the line that separated England from Scotland: on one side, at a distance, they jutted out into

the

the sea, and others joined themselves to mountains, and cut the countries asunder.

The Lord of Ravensthorn, some ages back, had erected a Castle on one side, but a war breaking out between him and the Lord of Redwald, the other knew no means of overcoming him, but by erecting a Castle higher and stronger than Ravensthorn on the opposite height—the Lord of Ravensthorn now increased his Castle, and a most cruel and destructive warfare took place between the chiefs, when the Lord of Redwald died; and his nephew, the Lord de Morthemer, came into his lands, drove his family out of the Castle, and settled at Redwald.

The Lord of Ravensthorn had now grown old: he had one only child, a beauteous daughter, whom the Lord de Morthemer becoming enamoured of, they were wedded, and thus conjoined the two Castles, which were united by a draw-

bridge, and rendered this important pass subject to his command.

The first Lord of the united Castles, was the present Lord's grandfather, and his son having married into the reigning family, they were distinguished by the kings, and each day saw them increasing in riches and power. Stephen no sooner ascended the throne, than he conjoined his name with the possessors of Wolfnorth, as guardian of the East North Border Castles—a distinction Lord de Morthemer eagerly desired, as it licenced his many acts of rapacity and extortion. These were the Castles destined to be the prison of Adela; they made a wild and beautiful appearance. Sir Morcar had encamped his little troop beneath the rocks, on the south side, on which the turreted battlements of Ravensthorn frowned in dark majesty. The rocks were covered with pine and clumps of wild shrubs, which

gave

gave a pleasing embellishment to the embattled Castles. Great was the astonishment of Sir Morcar to see Sir Eustace—he was walking with folded arms beneath the rocks, when he flew to him.

'You bring me news of Adela?' he cried.

'I do!' replied Eustace.

'Dear youth, where is she?' cried the impatient Morcar.

'In this black towered Castle,'—— looking up at Ravensthorn. 'Heavens! 'and am I so near my Adela!' cried the impatient chieftain, as he listened to the account of Sir Eustace.

Great was his astonishment, and many a glance of ferocious anger did he cast upon the hostile Castles: long did they pace beneath the rocks; until the dangerous situation of his friends, who in one moment might be destroyed from the towers above, occurred to him, and explaining

plaining to De Lucy and Sir Vortimer the information he had received, they immediately withdrew from their perilous situation, and encamped at a greater distance from the Castles.

At early dawn, a distant trumpet awoke the heroes, and soon two of the white heralds of Falconberg appeared, followed by Sir Stanley, his esquire, and fifty archers. He bore a packet from Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey to Lord de Morthemer, enjoining him to deliver up the bride of De Mowbray. For some time young Stanley tarried with his friends, and they pondered o'er a thousand schemes to emancipate the fair object of their search; 'tis true on the entrance of Stanley the little party without might attempt to pass, but this scheme appeared madness, for no doubt Lord de Morthemer had within above six times their number, and the act was in itself dishonourable; they were therefore

therefore obliged to give up all hopes of success from this method, and Sir Stanley proceeded to the Castle.

Twice his heralds sounded; when the Warden of Redwald demanded their names and business: they replied, that Sir Stanley Fitz Aubrey bore a packet from the Lord High Warden of Falconberg,. and demanded admittance to his Lord. While this passed below, Sir Morcar observed Lord de Morthemer himself, with many other chieftains above, taking a survey of the little camp beneath. They soon seemed assured of its inoffensive appearance, and descended, giving orders for the admission of Stanley.

High throbbed De Mowbray's heart, involuntarily he clasped his sword, it glittered in his hand—Sir Eustace caught the wild enthusiasm of his breast, and with fiery eye drew forth his high-polished blade, and advanced forward a step—the other chieftains sympathized in the action——

but,

but, alas! vain was the hope inspired by the ardor of youth and valour; for as the portcullis was slowly raised, there appeared a barrier of armed vassals beneath, and above the boiling liquid was ready heated to hurl destruction on the head of any intruder—now two hundred well-armed men came forth, and then Sir Stanley was permitted to enter; the vassals of De Morthemer closed upon his rear: gradually they disappeared, and the portcullis was once more lowered. For the first time Sir Morcar de Mowbray feared for the safety of young Stanley; but Sir Eustace assured him, that whatever were the vices of De Morthemer, he did not believe treachery to be one of them; that he delighted in bold and open violence, but that the inutility of so dishonourable an act appeared also a hostage for his safety. The agitation of Sir Morcar, however, was exquisite while Sir Stanley remained in the Castle, which was nearly two hours; at length

length the portcullis was lifted up, the armed vassals came forward as before, then Sir Stanley and his men; the vassals then returned, and the portcullis was closed.

'Doth he deny the detention of my 'bride?' cried out Sir Morcar, the moment Stanley joined them.

'No,' (replied the youth) 'he does not.— 'I have a packet for my brother, but I 'believe 'tis merely a repetition of what he 'said to me. At first he behaved with the 'utmost civility; merely declaring that 'Lord de Warrenne had formerly given 'his consent to his marriage with his 'daughter; and that, for what reason he 'knew not, he had chosen to repeal this 'consent in favour of another chieftain: 'that he had now secured his bride, and '*his* he intended to make her. Some 'warm words now arose betwixt us, in 'the course of which he declared, that he 'never would yield her up to any one; 'that he was determined to maintain his

'rights by force of arms; and that no 'command either from King or subject 'should induce him to alter his determina- 'tion: and he concluded by saying, that I 'might tell Sir Morcar de Mowbray, that 'he might come as soon as he pleased with 'as many men at arms—or as many priests 'in buskins—(eh! Sir Eustace, as many 'priests in buskins?) as he chose, imme- 'diately; that his fortress was prepared for 'the siege, and that their vain attempts 'would afford him much amusement during 'his honey-moon.'

Vainly did Sir Morcar make the rocks re-echo with the vehemence of his passion; but when the burst was over, he thought of nothing but preparing for the siege, and as their remaining thus stationed was of no avail, the party separated, and he departed for Wolfnorth. On their way, Stanley informed him, that he saw in the Castle—Lord Hontercombe, Earl Percy though yet very weak, Roslyn, Fitz Godwin,

Godwin, Walter de Segrave, and Edmund de Welle, the Baron Dun Rock, Earl of Wilton, Algernon Mount Bernard, Baron Cromla, Aldo of Thomond, and Lord Skiddaw, the tyger Foscar; and that the Castle appeared crowded with troops of all descriptions.

No sooner did Sir Morcar arrive at Wolfnorth, than he dispatched his esquire, Sir Norroy Fitz Bertrand, to Mowbray, with orders to bring five hundred men at arms of the most disciplined of his retainers, to Northumberland. The dispatches to Sir Philip were nearly a repetition of De Morthemer's conversation with Sir Stanley; they were couched, however, in friendly and complimentary terms, and concluded with hoping, that a man whom he so greatly esteemed as he did Fitz Aubrey, would not sully his honour by so useless and disgraceful a contention. Sir Philip waited not to finish his epistle, but immediately ordered the Falconberg vas-

sals

sals to be armed and marshalled, and dispatched a messenger to King Stephen, with an account of the reasons that obliged him to arm against De Morthemer.* Now that

* The Barons, many of them, required the right of fortifying their Castles, and of putting themselves in a posture of defence, and the King found himself totally unable to refuse this exorbitant demand. All England was immediately filled with those fortresses, which the noblemen garrisoned, either with their vassals, or with licentious soldiers, who flocked to them from all quarters. Unbounded rapine was exercised on the people for the maintenance of these troops; and private animosities, which had with difficulty been restrained by law, now breaking out without controul, rendered England a scene of uninterrupted violence and devastation. Wars between the nobles were carried on with the utmost fury in every quarter; the Barons even assumed the right of coining money, and of exercising, without appeal, every act of jurisdiction; and the inferior gentlemen, as well as the people, finding no defence from the laws, during this total dissolution of sovereign

that the siege was determined upon, the heart of the gallant Mowbray felt more at ease; he was now going to appear in his most brilliant colours; as a warrior and a general, he felt proudly conscious of his superiority, and notwithstanding the appalling situation of the Castles, he set forward, inwardly assured of success. He enjoyed likewise this opportunity of trying the sincerity of

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reign authority, were obliged, for their immediate safety, to pay court to some neighbouring chieftain, and to purchase his protection, both by submitting to his exactions, and by assisting him in his rapine upon others. The erection of one Castle proved the immediate cause of building many others; and even those who obtained not the King's permission, thought that they were entitled, by the great principle of self-preservation, to put themselves on an equal footing with their neighbours, who commonly also were their enemies and their rivals.

Vide Hume's reign of K. Stephen, Hist. of Eng. Vol. 1. *p.* 356.

gold. On the rear, the brave Godfrey de Valance, who distinguished his troop by a plain azure pennon. Eustace headed the whole: he had now adopted a surtout (over a coat of plated mail) which was pale azure silk, bordered with gold, and his lion argent: a rich baldrick surrounded his loins, of brilliant gold. This party formed near a thousand men; they encamped to the right, with front to Ravensthorn and rear towards the sea.

The next division was headed by Sir Vortimer de Warrenne, who brought three hundred of his father's vassals; two hundred bore his banner, which he had chosen for this occasion to be jet black. His surtout was likewise black, and he feathers that decorated his cuirass—he said, they were an emblem of his anger to Lord de Morthemer; but there were those who shrewdly suspected it was an emblem of his unfortunate passion—however it might be, he

he made a sable appearance. The other hundred were commanded by Sir Elias d'Aubigny, who bore, argent, a red engrailed fess: with them came Lord de Lucy, at the head of three hundred brave men of Montalt, who bore his banner paly argent and azure; a vermillion bend, charged with three eaglets of fine gold: his surtout was likewise composed of his arms. At their rear came a hundred brave Knights; among whom were, the Earl of Lanois, Lord Bardolf, the gallant Oscar, all in white, with a surtout covered with flames; Sir Guiscard de Mont Real, Sir Eustacius de Mont Rose, Sir Lancelot de Wright, Sir Armada Vavasour, Sir Felix de Lucy, Sir Albert de Montford, Sir Henry of Rothes, &c. &c. These troops drew up to the left, with their front to Redwald.

In the midst, encamped Sir Morcar de Mowbray; his surtout was gold, a red tressure, and one rampant lion gules; his banner,

banner, long and broad, floated grandly in in the air: he wore, on this occasion, plumes of a fiery red. On his right, was the gallant De Dunstaville, who headed a hundred brave fellows, with his pennon cut across, crimson and pale azure, embroidered with gold eaglets displayed in the midst. On his left, Sir Norroy Fitz Bertrand, with his white pennon, whose staff-end bore gyrony vert and or; on the vert, a gold tressure—on the gold, a gules. At rear of Sir Morcar, and in the midst, were Lord Tankerville's three hundred, who bore his usual ensign: at his rear was Lord Henry Murray, with three hundred of the Scotch borderers, who bore his conspicuous banner: his surtout and housings were paly argent and gules. At the rear, on the left, Lord Fitz Albin, with one hundred men at arms; in the rear of the right division, was Sir Mortan de Cantelo, with one hundred men, bearing, gules, a bend vair, and two lions or passant gardant,

gardant, from whose heads issued a gold fleur-de-lis. On the right flank, the Viscount de Mar, with one hundred men of Burgundy, who bore deep azure, a shield in the midst gules, on which were three fleurs-de-lis azure, surrounded by the order of St. Esprit, and topped by a magnificent coronet.

On the left flank, Edward Lord de Mont St. Clair; one hundred and fifty brave Normans followed him, who bore his banner, vert besprinkled with gold fleurs-de-lis, engrailed bordure, edged with crimson; in the midst, his order of the Holy Ghost surrounding his crest, a gold falcon on the top of his coronet. This formed a vast and beautiful army: when they pitched their tents, they planted their banners on top of them—and, what with their gay colours, the sparkling armour and plumage of the Knights, the heralds, and the horses, a more splendid display could

could not be imagined; and this army, altogether, consisted of three thousand men.

But what was Sir Morcar's surprise, on receiving a dispatch from Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, containing a letter from Fitz Alwy, saying—

'That ill health precluded the possibility 'of his personally attending, and that in 'this case, his men would be of no use; 'that Lord de Morthemer was his dearest 'friend, that therefore he must wave send-'ing a force against him; but that he had 'written to that chieftain and remonstrated 'with him on the subject, and concluded 'by hoping, that *his friend* would restore 'to De Mowbray his bride.'

Greatly was Sir Morcar incensed at his refusal, and he felt well assured that what Sir Ethelred had written to Sir Eustace, was too true.

'His duplicity—his deceit—his villany 'is

'is atrocious!' (exclaimed the noble De Mowbray), 'but, thank God!' (as he cast his eyes around the brilliant camp), 'I 'need him not.'

Chap. VI.

"Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire."

Ossian.

On the day after they encamped, they consulted on the best method of surprising the fortress; all their numbers, their wisdom, or their valour, seemed ineffectual in a situation which bade defiance to all attempts at entrance—but, after a long consultation, Sir Eustace proposed making a survey, that night, of the woods immediately surrounding the Castles, and endeavouring to discover whether the whole was as impregnable as that part they now surveyed. The attempt would be attended with danger, but the young hero felt convinced

vinced of the necessity of exertion in order to command success. Accordingly, when dusk enveloped each surrounding object, Eustace, accompanied by De Lucy and Edgar, set forward to walk towards the west, meaning to mount the chain of rocks at some distance, that the centinels at the Castles might not perceive them. About half a mile from Redwald they began to ascend, by scrambling up the rocks from height to height, and catching at each o'erhanging bough, sometimes climbing o'er chasms which threatened them each moment with destruction; they feared to strike into the beaten path, lest they should meet with some of the vassals of the Castles, but pursued their tedious and painful way: they had proceeded for some time, when they caught a glimpse of a tower almost at their side, and were surprised to find that the top of it was rather beneath them; they stopped to consider how they should act, and Eustace determined

mined to proceed around the Castles, while Lord de Lucy was to remain where he was, in order that they might not be quite bewildered; the signal agreed upon, was three cuckoo's notes, and Edgar and his venturous master proceeded on their scramble.

The first step Eustace took, was to choose the loftiest tree, to whose top he soon arrived, and hanging on an outspreading bough, made an extensive survey.

The Castles now appeared many yards beneath him, and he looked entirely over Redwald; he perceived that a chain of rocks, which had been hid from below, by the pines and forest trees, almost descended to the top of the rampart wall; elated by this discovery, he was immediately convinced of the possibility of a sufficient number of troops gaining, by degrees, these heights, to surprise the fortress; and the only difficulty that remained was, in what manner

manner to transport them into the courts. Could he once obtain Redwald, one grand object would be gained; for, from Redwald they could easily annoy Ravensthorn, and the troops he must necessarily have below, would prevent Lord de Morthemer's sending Adela away from the Castle.

He remained for some time gazing on the troops with which the courts were filled, and he perceived, from the slight guard placed here, that it was considered the most secure part of the Castle. Filled with hope, he industriously returned and by making the appointed signal, soon joined De Lucy, whom he informed of the discovery he had made, and they regained the camp in safety.

When Sir Morcar heard of their success, his heart glowed with delight; the most impenetrable secrecy was agreed on, and it was settled that on the following night he should himself survey the rocks, and

contrive the means to transport the troops into the Castle.

When evening arrived, the brave Morcar, Sir Eustace, and De Lucy, set forward on their journey. To Eustace, who had from his infancy been accustomed to climb the rocky heights, and bound over the hills, the rough ascent was little inconvenience; to De Lucy it was difficult, although the lightness of his figure prevented his suffering much from fatigue; but to Sir Morcar, who certainly had never climbed a tree since his infancy, and whose great size was ill adapted to this sport, there appeared a thousand difficulties. This had not occurred to Eustace; and when he saw the noble figure of Morcar, panting beneath the task he had to perform, the hazard of the undertaking was obvious. At length arrived at the foot of the high oak from whence Eustace had viewed the fortress, they halted—and he, with the agility of a wild squirrel, ran up the rough-coated bark,

bark, while De Mowbray gazed in amazement, and when he saw the youth suspended on the bough, he exclaimed—

'By my troth, Eustace, you have at-
'tacked the Castles from the air! How, in
'heaven, am I to ascend that oak?'

But stimulated by the hope of regaining his beloved mistress, he at length and with great difficulty gained his object; and, as he now o'erlooked the courts of Redwald and Ravensthorn, felt all the importance of the discovery. They perceived Lord Roslyn in the courts, overlooking his men, the Percy's vassals, and some others; likewise Dun Rock, who often looked towards the camp of De Mowbray, and by the laugh which went round, seemed to be joking at the folly of their undertaking: presently they departed, and Sir Morcar now surveyed the heights Eustace had discovered; he took a small sketch of the outline of the courts, and then spoke in the following manner—

'When, my dear Eustace, I wa
'Holy Land, I led myself an attack
'small but strong town, that was
'session of the pagans: the plan
'adopted, I must make use of here-
'was a wooden tower, that will tr
'the troops with safety over any wal
'soever.

'This tower shall be placed
'rock—the high rock must be for
'fence of those who first enter the
'and in the trees we must place our
'This tower must be constructed
'camp, with the utmost privacy, an
'to be put together when brought
'one night will suffice to clear av
'timber, and erect the tower—and
'not think the undertaking will su

'Once in possession of Redwald,
'perseverance and valour will soon
'come Ravensthorn, which from t
'can completely command. If my b
'Adela inhabited not this hated sp

's

'should soon shorten the business, by firing 'the forest around the Castles. In the 'mean time, in order to divert the enemy, 'we will form an entrenchment on the 'other side of the Castle, which will pre-'vent their having any idea of our forming 'an attempt on this.'

'Certainly,' replied Eustace, 'I approve 'of all that you have said; the idea of 'the wooden tower pleases me marvellous-'ly'—And he quickly descended from the tree.

The three cuckoo's notes soon brought De Lucy to them; when Sir Morcar, who had had vast difficulty to ascend the tree, now called out---

'By the honour of a knight, Eustace, I 'cannot descend! My foot breaks the 'crackling bark at each step I take. I 'fear whole-limbed, my clambering friend, 'I shall not reach you---By my troth, Eu-'stace, there is no treading in your steps, I 'see!---'

And

And in faith the Knight said true; for his immense weight broke away the boughs, the bark yielded to his foot, and not being so light as Eustace, he could scarcely support himself : Eustace again ascended, in order to assist him, when an immense arm of the oak snapped beneath them, and they fell with violence.

At this disastrous moment, aroused by the noise, Fitz Godwin of Alnwick, Arnulf Fitz Mortimer, and two soldiers, appeared---Eustace, with a presence of mind far beyond his years, recollected that the clashing of swords so near Redwald would inevitably betray them ; he therefore immediately feigned to fly---they pursued---he still clambered farther from Redwald, sometimes letting them gain upon him, then again darting forward, until having reached a sufficient distance, he turned, and immediately attacked them ; one of the soldiers on the first thrust fell beneath his blade, and he now fought the other three: soon

was he joined by Sir Morcar and De Lucy, when they, singling out their opponents, commenced---but, lo! in the course of the battles, the foot of Sir Morcar slipped, and he fell into the chasm below.

'Who art thou, stripling?' (called out Fitz Godwin) 'who thus dares to draw 'with me?—you are my prisoner, yield—'

'Spare yourself words, my Lord'—(returned Eustace) 'but resign your sword---' and at the same moment he cut him down, and attacked Fitz Morthemer. De Lucy had conquered his man, and they now prepared to bind Fitz Arnulf hand and foot; they gagged him, and flew to Fitz Godwin, who prepared to rise, and who halloo'd most stoutly: tearing his baldrick from his waist, Eustace bound his hands; a violent struggle ensued, during which, Fitz Godwin drew a dirk, and stabbed Eustace in the thigh; it was fortunately wrested from his hand by De Lucy: they now secured and gagged the three, the other

other had paid dearly for his temerity, he was no more.

Eustace now flew to the top of the chasm in which Sir Morcar had fallen; he called in an agony of fear, when to his inexpressible joy Sir Morcar replied.

'Are you hurt my friend?---' demanded Eustace.

'Have the villains escaped?---' passionately demanded Sir Morcar.

'Not one of them,' returned the young hero.

'Heaven prosper thee then, my brave 'boy! I am hurt, but not materially, cords 'alone will relieve me from this infernal 'hole.'

They now consulted how to act; Fitz Godwin's struggles every moment threatened to burst his bands---

'These men must be conveyed into the 'camp,' (said Sir Eustace), 'and that must 'be done secretly---Fly, De Lucy, to the 'camp, and bring with you Stanley, Edwin,

'Sir

'Sir Vortimer, Dunstaville, Edgar, and 'Eliss d'Aubigny, with cords; every mo- 'ment's delay is dangerous, and do not let 'a single soldier know whither you come.'

'But you, my Eustace!' (said De Lucy) 'I cannot leave you here alone, wounded 'as you are.'

'Never fear!' (said Eustace in agony, seeing the violent struggles of Fitz Godwin and De Morthemer) 'Fly!'

De Lucy quickly obeyed, and Sir Eustace stood over Fitz Godwin with his sword drawn.

'Pardon me,' (he said) 'this seemingly 'unknightly act; never before did Sir Eu- 'stace threaten a conquered man: but, my 'Lord, the case is so urgent, there is no 'other method to be pursued.'

The wound in his thigh gave him a great deal of pain, and it bled so profusely that he dreaded every moment fainting; while the fetters of Fitz Godwin evidently became weaker. Not for himself did Eu-

fall. While in this state, Fitz Godwin burst his fetters, and ere Sir Morcar was aware, he seized Eustace's sword.——A furious onset took place, and Sir Morcar, agonized for the fate of his friend, fought like a tyger; he overcame Fitz Godwin, and once more bound and gagged him in his fetters, where he raged like a lion of the forest. Eustace now revived, and was soon well enough to rise: the hole they had fallen into, was at least twenty feet deep; and Eustace having fallen upon Fitz Morthemer, he found that unfortunate chieftain senseless: the hole was not twenty feet square, and damp and cold beyond conception; the toad hoarsely croaked around, and the adder twined in many a slimy course. Long they remained in a painful state of suspense, until the signal of De Lucy was heard, and in the next moment he approached and cried---

'For God's sake, if you can speak, De

'Mowbray,

'Mowbray, tell me if you know aught of 'our Eustace and the prisoners?'.

'Here we are safe enough, by St. Bene-'dict!' (cried Sir Eustace faintly)—'For 'God's sake, De Lucy, hasten to lower the 'cords, our company here is not the most 'delightful.'

Down jumped Edwin; who embraced the Knights, and could not help smiling at their ridiculous situation, for the darkness precluded his seeing Eustace's pale and bloody figure. They now bound the raging Fitz Godwin, who was tied to a rope, and drawn up by the Knights above; then Fitz Morthemer, who was still senseless; and lastly the soldier. Next the gallant Eustace and Sir Morcar, and at length Sir Edwin tied the rope around his own waist; but Stanley, who was ever foremost at a joke, bade him farewell, and left him: Edwin, whom the adders and toads had struck with the utmost horror, called out—

'For

'For the love of our holy Mother, Stan-
'ley, deliver me quickly from these adders,
'which curl around my legs!'——he said these words in the most piteous voice imaginable—and Stanley, after enjoying his misery, at length drew him up.

The Knights found their return difficult—poor Eustace could not now run up the trees to the amazement of Sir Morcar; he was quite gone, and carried in the arms of Edgar, who with anxiety and affection was scarcely less pallid than his master: but at length the party arrived safely at their tents, and, as they were rejoiced to find, unobserved.

Sir Eustace's wound was dressed; but Sir Morcar, who feared the consequences, ordered perfect quiet for a few days; at the same time assuring him, that his exertions were unnecessary, as until the tower was built, which would be some time, nothing material could be performed.

At dawn Sir Morcar, attended by De Lucy,

Lucy, Sir Edwin, and his two esquires, with a guard of fifty men, escorted Fitz Godwin and his two companions to Wolfnorth: to Sir Philip he repeated in language of animated gratitude the services rendered him by Eustace; and he declared that his affection for the youth knew no bounds. He then apologized to Fitz Godwin, who was as brave a knight as ever drew a sword, for keeping him in durance, but declared the case would admit of no other step being taken.

'Were I, my Lord, or the fate of my 'arms alone pending, I would willingly 'permit you to return, upon your pledging 'to me your honour that you would be 'secret; but as the fate of one—far, far 'dearer to me than life, hangs on the 'success of my arm, I feel compelled to act 'in the manner I do towards you.'

Fitz Godwin haughtily replied—

'If my liberty were to depend upon my

'secrecy, I assure you my release would 'be far distant.'

Sir Philip sent for Sir Leonard de Falconris, and delivering over to him the prisoners, desired him to confine them in the Donjon keep, but to treat them honourably; and of this he was as certain as if heaven itself was the hostage, for the Sub-warden was a man after Fitz Aubrey's own heart. Sir Morcar now ordered the necessary timber to be levelled, and much of the intended work they found could be better done in the courts of Wolfnorth, where all hands were immediately employed.

As Sir Eustace found that his services would not be permitted in the camp, he could not resist the opportunity that offered itself to him of seeing his beloved Ethelburga, but, ordering Edgar to prepare his gentlest steed, he proposed going to Elfwold with Stanley for a day. The young and

and ardent lover of Augustine with rapture accepted the offer, and hastened to tell Henry de Valois to have his horse prepared. To Sir Vortimer and to Sir Eliss d'Aubigny they committed the management of their troops during their absence, and the faithful old Wilfred, Edgar's father, remained in possession of their tents.

Eustace and Sir Stanley, attended only by their esquires, slowly proceeded to Elfwold; the motion of the horse but ill agreed with Sir Eustace's wound; they were therefore forced to restrain their impatience, and yield to the necessity of lingering on the way.

In the mean time Ethelburga endeavoured to console herself during the absence of her hero, by conversing with Augustine upon each incident of his life, and she found the confidence she had placed in this amiable girl the sweetest solace of her life. They were now conversing upon the magnanimous exploits he had performed, which

Sir

Sir Vortimer had written to them at the dawn, and sat together at the window in the octagon room—when Augustine heard the voice of Ethelburga falter, and in the next moment she exclaimed—

'Two Knights and their esquires ap-
'proach, and if I am not mistaken, Stanley
'is accompanied by Sir Eustace.'

The young heroes now drew nigh; they kissed their hands, and Eustace's graceful salute could not be mistaken.

'Heavens! Eustace has not got on his
'armour!' (cried Augustine.) The colour fled the cheek of Ethelburga; unable to reply, she sat awaiting their entrance. Presently the door opened, and Sir Eustace, leaning on Stanley, and his face as pale as the snow of winter, entered; he walked extremely lame, and Ethelburga, forgetting in a moment aught but her lover, gazed on him in wild tenderness, and exclaimed—

'Heavens, dear Eustace! you are wound-
'ed!—'

If

If the youth's cheek before vied with the snow-drop, it now shamed the rose by its beautiful suffusion; speechless he threw himself by her side, and taking her hand, which he energetically pressed to his heart.

'Oh Lady!'—he cried, 'you have 'healed all my wounds!—'

Stanley pressed his Augustine to his breast, and retired to a distant window to tell over all he had suffered in her absence.

Ethelburga, who scarcely regretted her involuntary exclamation, which seemed to have produced so lively an effect on her amiable lover, sat silent and overcome by a thousand emotions; while Eustace, who ever concealed the feelings of his heart by a respectful diffidence, feared further to express the delight he had received: as his feelings however calmed, his cheek regained its pallid hue, and awakened in the lovesick Baroness the utmost anxiety and alarm.

'You

'You seem sadly wounded, Sir Eustace?' (said Ethelburga permitting him to retain her hand) 'Surely, quiet and repose are 'necessary for your restoration; we are 'already thoroughly informed of those 'brave actions which have brought down 'this misfortune upon your head—you will 'not return to the camp to-day?—'

A soft tender glance of timid but expressive love stole from beneath the black lashes of his eyes—

'No—my—my Ethelburga—I cannot 'tear myself away from Elfwold to-day: '——rest is necessary, although the wound 'is trivial: your interest for me, lady, 'repays the sufferings of fifty such—— 'Oh my Ethelburga!'

The Baroness confusedly withdrew her hand, and at this moment the Baron entered.

'My invaluable boy!' (he exclaimed as he rose and embraced Eustace). The youth could

could not advance to meet him; he arose with difficulty: the Baron started back, tears were in his eyes.

'My Eustace lame!—wounded in the 'service of my child!——how shall I re-'pay you?'

Ethelburga tenderly re-seated Eustace, and gazing on his pallid features, penetrated his adoring heart by her ardent anxiety. For a few moments they conversed in uninterrupted tranquillity; little Oswy had climbed on Eustace's knee, from which Ethelburga in vain endeavoured to remove him; and he, with all the infantine sweetness in the world, kissed his pale cheeks and praised the beauty of his silky hair.

'You love Sir Eustace, Oswy, then?' (said the Baron laughing.)

'Love him!' (cried the child) 'who 'does not love him? he is so good-na-'tured—you love him, my Lord Baron— 'yes, and my mistress loves him too, for I 'heard her tell Augustine so!——'

Confusion

Confusion overwhelmed the distressed Ethelburga—Eustace pressed the boy to his heart, and covered him with kisses, to conceal his emotion; while the Baron gazed with affection upon the lovely pair, and told by his countenance how much he approved their affection.

At this moment the Countess of Mont Real entered the room; never was presence so unwelcome! The Baron presented her his seat, and retired to converse with Stanley; the Countess looked pale and agitated, she gazed on Eustace with impassioned tenderness: the heart of Ethelburga throbbed painfully—and the Countess addressed the young Knight:—

'Sir Eustace, I have just heard that you 'are wounded, and likewise of the valour 'of your conduct; I cannot half express 'what I think of your actions!'——She spoke in a voice subdued by tenderness. Eustace, greatly distressed, bowed to her com-

compliment, his tongue refused to speak, and he execrated her intrusion.

His heart yet vibrated at the recollection of the sweet sentence the little page had uttered—the most delicious sensations moved his soul, and the speeches of the Countess outraged his feelings and distracted his mind. Ethelburga's situation was a painful one; she arose to retire, Eustace followed her with his eyes, which told eloquently his tale of love; Ethelburga turned to regard him as she closed the door, she saw his ardent gaze, which on meeting her eyes, he timidly withdrew to the ground. Ermengarda watched him with a heart bursting with malice; she did not believe his heart had felt so much passion for Ethelburga, and she determined to marr his joy.

'Your cousin Lord Fitz Arnulf, I hear, 'is quickly recovering from his illness,' (she said); 'the Baroness expects him to-

'morrow,

who sunk back pale and trembli
chair: she seized his hand, she p
ardently—

'O Lord Fitz Arnulf! have I
'your feelings? yet, heaven kno
'are most dear to me!'

She hung over him, her abr
fession assisted to confuse him, h
his head from its reclining pos
endeavoured to arouse himself, w
still held his cold damp hand w
own—at this moment Rosalie an
burga entered. The Countess
away her hand, and from the po
Eustace, Ethelburga imagined tha
forcibly retained it. Eustace, 'on

trust himself to regard her, lest he should betray his feelings, while the wretched Ethelburga believed his confusion to be the confusion of guilt, and, pale as death, with a fainting heart she sunk speechless on her chair. Shortly afterwards the Countess retired from the room. Rosalie's lip had trembled to ask Eustace concerning the health of Sir Edwin Montague, but timidity restrained her, and she at length joined Augustine, her father, and Stanley, who had proceeded to the terrace; Ethelburga and Eustace were therefore once more left together alone.

For some moments neither dared regard the other—Ethelburga sat silent from the most painful sensations, agony and despair tore the heart of Eustace—till at length, unable to restrain his thoughts, he cast on Ethelburga a look of reproach, and said—

'Lady, I find Fitz Alwy is recovered; 'perhaps you expect him?'

Cruel Eustace, thought Ethelburga,

 whilst

whose pride instigated to her that he intended by this hint to insinuate, that as she was engaged to Fitz Alwy, she could not expect him to be faithful, and she somewhat haughtily replied—

'Yes, Sir Eustace, I have no doubt Lord 'Fitz Alwy will soon be well enough to 'visit Elfwold.'

Eustace could support no more—falteringly he arose, and feebly gained the door, which no sooner shut him from her sight, than bursting into tears she cried in despair—

'Oh wretched Ethelburga, what a fate 'is mine! why, Eustace, must I love you, 'when every thing is unauspicious to my 'affection? Unkind youth! never again 'shall you have an opportunity of insulting 'my feelings.'

The Countess during the whole of the evening secretly enjoyed the misery she had created; to Eustace she was kind and attentive: Ethelburga was reserved and melancholy; nothing could be so much

o'ercast

o'ercast as this evening, which had promised the fairest scene.

They were agreeably surprised early in the evening by the presence of Ethelred of Mont Rose, whose countenance seemed unusually animated; he drew his friends aside, and begged them not to mention to Fitz Alwy, on the following day, that he did not stop at Elfwold, for he continued—

'I much wish to see my friend Sir Edwin 'Montague; now the Baron positively will 'not admit of my going to the camp, and 'I have told him I was coming here, and 'will be back to-morrow before he ar-'rives.'

His friends promised secrecy; when bidding them farewell, he vaulted on his horse and galloped off.

'What errand can that wild amiable 'youth be on?'—said the Earl of Thanet.

'Some friendly generous action, I will 'pledge my faith, by his animated coun-'tenance,'—replied Sir Eustace.

'He seems greatly attached to Sir Edwin 'Montague,' replied the Earl.

'Yes,' (said Stanley) 'I am sure if any 'thing happened to Montague, he would 'break his heart; but I do not wonder at 'it—Edwin wins all our hearts.'

'There is a sweetness in his countenance 'and disposition,' (replied the Earl) 'com- 'bined with a melancholy that is so in- 'teresting, there is no resisting its in- 'fluence.'

A crystal drop, which she in vain had endeavoured to retain, burst from the full eye of Rosalie, her bosom heaved convulsively— her emotions were indeed distressing! Ethelburga and Augustine leaned forward in order to relieve and conceal her; but Eustace had seen her situation, his heart keenly bled for her.

Every one had remarked the dreadful havock sorrow was making in her constitution, and sought to divert her grief —many wondered at her quick decline,

but

but ah! they they who wondered had never felt the bitter corroding pangs of hopeless love!

Chap. VII.

"Swelling in his rage, he strode to where Fingal lay alone..."
Ossian.

Sir Ethelred bounded across the wolds, and ascended the heights to the camp at Redwald; his heart beat with animated joy at the idea of the gift he possessed for Edwin: the way seemed to lengthen as he went, every moment he felt if the precious gift was safe, and when he arrived, he startled the pensive Sir Vortimer by the animation of his beautiful dark-blue eyes, as he eagerly asked for De Montague. He was not yet returned from Wolfnorth with Sir Morcar, and Mont Rose was obliged to restrain his impetuosity.

"I

'I really cannot remain with Fitz
'Alwy,' (he said to his cousin Sir Eustacius de Mont Rose), 'and I have in vain
'written to my father to recall me—you
'know his obstinacy, my cousin, and I
'believe I shall be forced to run away
'from Mont Eagle, for really I would as
'soon serve an esquireship to the devil as
'to the Baron.'

'I doubt not, my dear Ethelred, if you
'were to run away, that the Earl of
'Thanet's influence with your father would
'induce him to forgive you, and I will
'be answerable for that nobleman's incli-
'nation to serve you. . . . . But yon-
'der, I see, is the noble Morcar, and your
'friend Sir Edwin Montague.'

Ethelred flew to them, and hurrying Edwin from his horse, dragged him into his tent, and embraced him.

'Oh, De Montague! how rejoiced I
'am to see you—I have procured for you
'such a gift! . . . . . Now in God's
'name,

'name, what would be most dear to you 'in the world?'——

Edwin smiled at his eagerness, and after a moment's thought, replied, 'your friend-'ship——and the happiness of Ethel-'burga.'

'By St. Benedict, you have been guilty 'of an untruth, my honourable friend—— 'I have a gift for you in my possession, 'more precious than either!——

'But list thee, Edwin; I told you long 'ago, that black Bevis had been particularly 'kind to me; his intention was obviously 'to draw from me all the information he 'could, concerning the goings-on at Elf-'wold; but, however, I thought myself at 'least equal to him in sagacity, and pre-'tended to inform him of various things 'in order to get a little intelligence in re-'turn—but the conversation that leads to 'your good fortune I will repeat: He was 'one day declaring, that he did not believe 'the Baron had any affection for Ethel-

'burga

'burga—I asked him what were his rea-
'sons for this conjecture—he said, he knew
'it was so, but the most convincing proof
'was this—that the Baroness had given
'Fitz Alwy, previous to the tourney at
'Mont Eagle, a beautiful golden medal,
'which she had worn from a child pressed
'to her heart, for it was a gift of her fa-
'ther's; and that if he had loved her, this
'precious gift would never have been
'separated from his bosom—"But will
'" you believe it?" continued De Wil-
'ton, " I have long seen this medal
'" throwing about in his library amongst
'" other medals, from which it is only
" ' distinguished by a red ribbon which
' " she used to wear round her neck."

'Heavens!" interrupted Edwin in ex-
tacy, anticipating the rest, and seeing
by his countenance the inestimable value
of the gift: Sir Ethelred continued—

'Well, Edwin, you and your unconquer-
'able folly entered my head, and I thought

'as your disease was incurable, the least I 'could do would be to render it support- 'able, and, the very first opportunity, I 'got into the Baron's library, and pur- 'loined this precious relic,'—and he drew the medal and red ribbon from his bosom.

Edwin, overpowered with delight, bent to the earth, and embraced the knees of his friend; this medal was alternately pressed to his heart, his lips, and deluged by a shower of tears.

'Oh, Ethelred,' he cried, 'your gift 'can only be repaid by a life of gratitude! '——and shall I, forlorn and miserable as 'I conceived myself, shall I wear to the 'hour of my death, that, pressed to my 'heart—that, which once was pressed by 'hers? Happy, happy Edwin! your des- 'tiny is now worthy of envy!'—

Sir Ethelred soon left him alone, to in- dulge in all these happy dreams, when Edwin gazing on the gift, the honourable heart

heart of this devoted boy shrunk under the idea of doing an ungenerous action.

'Doth not this precious relic belong to 'Eustace?' he said, 'do I not, by keeping it, deprive him of his right? I boast 'of disinterested love for the brave hero, and 'yet I would retain from him a gift, his idolized mistress would surely have bestowed 'on him——no! I must not do an act so 'selfish; this precious medal most surely belongs to Eustace, and his it must be!...'

But no sooner had the idea of parting with it struck his mind, than the agony which accompanied it became too insupportable for him to struggle with, he hesitated——

'And yet,' he said, 'does not Eustace 'possess the heart of Ethelburga? Heavens! what more can man desire? Happy, happy Eustace! your state is blest 'without alloy; while I, miserable forlorn 'wretch! can imperious honour command 'that I should yield up my only joy, my 'all,

'all, my very life---to one so blest!
'—— No— Ethelred, generous youth,
'thy gift is mine!' And tying it round his neck, he threw himself on his couch, and slept in dreams of extacy and love, while with one hand he pressed the fatal treasure to his artless bosom.

True it is, that in excess of woe, each palliative is comparative happiness; this trifling gift was consolation to Edwin's love-sick soul; and his friends saw with delight, the faint tint of returning health blush upon his cheek, and his sweet eyes ever and anon shoot forth rays of animation.

While Edwin and Ethelred were thus employed, Ethelburga and Eustace would have willingly exchanged situations with them: after a sleepless night, they arose unrefreshed, and their languid looks told each other the tale their lips dared not to utter. The pale cheek and sunken

eye

eye of Eustace alarmed Ethelburga, and the Baron having perceived how unpleasing to each was the interruption of the preceding day, to Ermengarda's extreme vexation, led them into an adjoining room, and after a little conversation, left them together. This good-natured but ill-advised act of the Baron's, threw them into inexpressible confusion, and Ethelburga seeing Stanley and Augustine in the court, called them into the room ; but they soon withdrew to a distant window, and the Baroness, in spite of all her endeavours, was left alone with Eustace.

'Have you any commands for Sir 'Morcar, Lady?'—falteringly demanded he.

'Are you going to return to the camp, 'to-day, Sir Eustace?' she replied.

'Yes, I shall return;'——he sighed deeply, a tear trembled on his long eye-lash, and he ventured not to trust his voice further. Ethelburga's heart melted; she sat speechless,

speechless, casting on his graceful interesting figure many a timid glance; at length he raised his eyes—they met hers—tears were in them; they gazed for a few moments, fixed on each other, and gradually brimming into grief, till one sensation seemed to throb through both hearts, and the tears coursed each other down their cheeks; Eustace sunk upon his bended knee—

'Oh, Ethelburga,' he said, in a soft whisper, 'wound not my soul by your 'pity. . . . . Distress not a heart 'which is already pierced by the most un-'controuled love!'

Speechless she presented to him her hand—he arose.

'Sir Eustace,' she murmured, and cast down her eyes, when the door opened, and the graceful animated Fitz Alwy rushed in!—he flew to the Baroness—

'My love, my Ethelburga!' he cried, and

and gazed on her in delight, 'methought 'this separation had been eternal!'—

Ethelburga was sinking to the earth, when Eustace started madly from his seat, and exclaimed—

'*Your* Ethelburga! *your* Ethelburga!' —and casting on her a look of frenzy and despair, rushed from the room.

'Eustace is mad—he alarms you, my 'love!' said the fascinating chieftain, as he caught her in his arms; at this unlucky instant Eustace passed the window, he saw Fitz Alwy press the almost senseless Baroness to his heart.

'Madness! confusion!'—he wildly exclaimed, and flew to the stable, his horse was not harnessed: Edgar regarded his master's impetuosity with surprise.

'My Lord!' he said.

But Eustace tearing the reins of Stanley's horse from the hand of Henry de Valois, vaulted on the saddle, and flew full speed across the moor; nor did he stop until he arrived

arrived at the camp, when he rushed into Edwin's tent, and flung himself into his arms; here he unburthened his full heart, and showered the breast of Montague with tears.

'This is too much, my Eustace,' (cried the tender-hearted Montague); 'Fitz Alwy 'must not be allowed to assume to be the 'husband of Ethelburga; I well know 'how distressing to her are his easy assured 'manners, and how much she abhors his 'vows of love!'—

Thus he consoled Eustace by his kind arguments. Ah! how little did the generous Eustace know he owed this debt of kindness to a rival!

When Eustace had fled the apartment, Ethelburga became insensible; the whole scene was too much for her, and Augustine with Fitz Alwy were obliged to use their utmost endeavours to recover her: at length she revived, and Augustine, feeling the necessity for her departure, was obliged, not-

notwithstanding the supplicating glances of her friend, to quit the room.

If ever situation merited compassion, it was that of Ethelburga; obliged to listen to the professions of a man she abhorred, separated, and at such a moment too, from the man she loved! Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey, who had ever received Fitz Alwy, absent; she was consequently obliged to bid him welcome—for his visit was expressly to her; and the Baron de Warrenne never would so far do violence to his feelings, as to show this man the civilities of hospitality. Had not Fitz Alwy broke in upon her so abruptly, she most certainly would have waved seeing him, which the absence of her guardian authorized.

No sooner did she revive, than she started with horror from the arms of Fitz Alwy—nor was the action, or the look which accompanied it, unobserved by him: a frown of malicious fury distorted his handsome countenance, and Augustine,

as she gazed on him, shuddered at the picture there pourtrayed. When left alone with Ethelburga, he tenderly pressed her hand, and gazed mournfully in her face, as if he there could read the inmost recesses of her heart. 'Ethelburga,' (he said), 'is 'this the reception due to the love I have 'for thee? are these the emotions which 'once, swelled your bosom for me? the 'husband destined by your father—and 'once my Ethelburga, once approved by 'you.—Alas! I see there is a deep-laid 'plan for my destruction; but can artifices 'so paltry, so cowardly, so mean, influence 'the heart of my Ethelburga? I doubt 'not your intentions, for one moment to 'fulfil your contract with me; but permit 'me to recall to your mind the sacred in-'junction of your father's will. Have you 'forgotten the awful manner in which he 'enjoined you, to unite our houses? have 'you forgotten the despair that wrung your 'father's heart, at the idea of any unforeseen

'event

'event preventing this union? have you 'forgotten his prayers, his entreaties to 'you? and his firm reliance on your 'duteous performance of his injunctions? '—Alas! poor old man!——'

'Oh! tear not my heart, my Lord,' (she cried in a voice scarcely intelligible from agony and despair,) 'by repeating all that 'I so well remember! Torture not my 'soul, nor drive me to madness! for too 'well do I remember all that you have 'uttered!—Alas! the pleasing delusion is 'removed from my eyes; I see indeed all 'the inevitable misery of my fate!'

'Ethelburga!—' (exclaimed the Baron with rage and distraction) 'Ethelburga, is 'it thus you mean to perform this sacred 'duty? Is this the language for Fitz Alwy's 'destined bride?—Theory, I see, ma-'dam, is the utmost of your virtue—to 'practise, I fear, is beyond your power.'

Proudly the Baroness arose; her virtuous heart beat with indignation.

'My

'My Lord,' (she said firmly,) 'to you I 'give a fatal instance of the upright prin- 'ciples of my heart, when I assure you, 'that, however repugnant to my wishes, 'my duty shall be obeyed. A greater 'proof, Heaven is my witness, I cannot 'give!'

She prepared to leave the room, he seized her hand.

'Ethelburga! forgive me, Ethelburga!' (he cried) 'do not thus depart!'

'Excuse me, my Lord,' (cried the agitated Baroness) 'at this moment permit me to 'withdraw—illness, my Lord, overcomes 'me, for the present I must wave this in- 'terview.'

And awing Fitz Alwy by the dignity of her demeanour, she departed from the room. With a heart bursting with rage and revenge, he saw her withdraw; astonishment rendered him immovable, and indistinct curses burst from his muttering lips;

lips; at length he cried in low appalling tones—

'Powerless, after all, is the minion thy 'crimes have raised! Thus to be thwarted 'by a girl! the airy visions of wealth and 'power crumbling from my touch at the 'moment I would grasp it!—opposed by a 'woman! taunted by a boy!—defeated! 'overcome!

'For this was the dagger sharpened? 'the subtle poison administered? for this 'was Heaven yielded up, and hell's minis-'ters embraced with transport?' He paced the room in wild agitation. 'Oh futile 'monk! with all thy blood-fraught schemes, 'to leave alone untouched, that which is 'doomed to undo me!—

'Undo me? no; by all the black engines 'of the infernal court, he shall not undo 'me! Eustace, Eustace, too long hast 'thou lived my bane—be so no more! 'This instant I'll to the Monk—my noble 'cousin, thou shalt surely bleed!'

And

And starting from the room, he seized the rein from Sir John's hand, and muttering curses as he went, galled his courser's bleeding sides until he arrived at Mont Eagle. On the steps he met his ever-ready friend Sir Bevis, to whom his agitated mien and disordered brow foretold a bursting storm.

'All is not well at Elfwold, I see,' (said Sir Bevis.)

'Confusion! well?'——(cried out Fitz Alwy in a thundering tone) 'no, by Heaven! 'not well — Osmond himself could not 'have wished a better reception for his 'brother Leofwin's son, than she gave *me*.'

'You will not submit to this?' returned Sir Bevis.

'No!' (returned Fitz Alwy) 'he dies.'

'That alone will not secure to you her 'fortune; too long, my Lord, hast thou 'played the suitor's part—now assume 'the husband!—If she hesitates, there are 'other means than her consent whereby to 'obtain her—you have arms, you have 'power—

'power—use them then; my heart revolts
'to see you thus bowing to the preaching
'Warden; consulting thus a woman's fan-
'cies—'

'Peace, De Wilton;' (cried the Baron in deep tones) 'give me the secret keys, 'my cloak, my dagger, and my lamp; I'll 'to St. Augustine's.'

Soon was the graceful chieftain enveloped in his dark attire, and taking the keys from De Wilton, he opened his tower door, and descending a long flight of spiral steps, arrived within the bowels of the earth; then having opened a door concealed from the most minute scrutiny, he uncovered his lamp, and proceeded with slow steps down the vaulted passages; as he passed another that branched forth, he shuddered and faintly murmured: 'Emma, 'thou art revenged.'

Who that had seen Fitz Alwy at the feast, his handsome face adorned with fascinating smiles, his gaily attired person, and

and his thoughtless air,—that had heard the sweet accents of his honied tongue, and watched the graceful movements of his decorated form,—would now recognize him?

Treading by the dim light of a misty lamp, the many avenues of the dark earth, his form enveloped in a coarse robe of sable hue, and loose unfashioned form;—his countenance pale, haggard, and morose; his brow contracted o'er his gloomy eyes—and a dæmoniac smile of malice and revenge distorting every admirable feature, sometimes muttering imperfect sentences, then humming surly songs, seeking to cheat silence of its horrors, and to lessen the dismal length of the way! who would here know Fitz Alwy?

At length he arrived at a low door; where setting down his lamp and applying the key, it soon creeked upon its hinges; he entered a vaulted room, and passing through another door ascended a long flight of steps; here he rested, and taking a key, opened a concealed

concealed door, and entered a small square room: it was lighted from the top; he left his lamp without, and closed the door. Melancholy was this bare apartment, the walls rough-hewn, and dark were its unadorned sides; in one corner a large heap of straw; in the midst a table, lamp, and hour-glass; books of devotion lay scattered about the room; a shelf, on which stood a little water, and a small allowance of mouldy bread. A skull was on the table, a dreadful wound was in the temple of its blanched bones.—Fitz Alwy shuddered, and looked in vain for the object of his search, expecting to see his dark figure emerge from some dark nook; at length a groan directed him to the well-known aperture—through it was seen, kneeling before a crucifix, the figure of a monk; his cowl was black, and presented a head which the hand of the most energetic artist would attempt to pourtray in vain. Shaven was the sallow crown, round which a ruff of black sleek

hair mingled with silver grey curled in thin waves. The profile, which was fashioned with inimitable grace, was lifted towards heaven with a look of such melancholy repentance and despair, as would have moved the hardest heart to pity the being, o'erpressed with crimes as black as his. Sunk deep beneath his black brows, were his dark speaking eyes, whose wild appalling glances were insupportable even to Fitz Alwy. His sallow skin was stained like dryest parchment o'er his starting bones—and his hollow jaws and pale blue lips murmured indistinct and hollow tones. Clasped were his ghastly hands, and upheld to the crucifix before him; groans seemed, in issuing forth, to tear his tortured soul; and his eyes vainly sought to cool his burning cheeks with tears which calm settled despair had long since forbid to flow.

Fitz Alwy for a moment stood appalled, when the awful Monk, unobserving him, murmured the following words---

'Oh

'Oh all-seeing God! who knowest the 'anguish of my heart, continue to pierce 'it with remorse. Rack it, oh powers of 'mercy! to the utmost limits of human 'suffering.—Spirit of the departed, strike 'his heart with repentance! let him, let 'him avoid the dreadful fate which thus 'awaits on the crimes . . . . . .'

Fitz Alwy, now impatient, cursed his senseless prayers, which, however, he dared not interrupt: he retired to the other cell, but could not rest.

'Would to God, old man,' (he cried) 'thy nature had taken any other turn than 'this!—these horrible images, which sur- 'round me, sicken and disgust! . . . . .' (his eyes fell upon the well-known skull, he started from the place, and paced the room enhorror'd) 'Come, come thou dilatory 'Monk, thy prayers are dangerous to the 'living; canst thou revive the dead by them?'

As he turned, his eyes again caught the skull, it grinned horribly at him—

'Perdition seize thy ominous regards!' ---he cried, and impetuously seizing the skull, he dashed it with violence into a corner of the cell.

'Would to Heaven, valiant cousin, this 'were thine!' he cried, and continued to pace the cell impatiently. Aroused by the violence of Fitz Alwy, the monk Ignatius arose from his knees; a tottering form, which had once been tall and commanding, slowly approached—he viewed the enraged countenance of Fitz Alwy with melancholy despair.

'What would you, Ethelmorne?' (he cried in accents of grief) 'has any thing 'occurred to offend you?'

'Occurred!' (vehemently repeated the Baron) 'every thing to ruin and destroy 'me! Eustace, the hated Eustace, every 'where opposes me! I am frantic with 'opposition: he has contrived, weak and 'powerless as you call him, to insinuate 'himself into the affections of Ethelburga!

'Ah!

'Ah! this youth, whom you averred was 'harmless as the serpent robbed of its 'venom, now, even now, heads the arms of 'Falconberg, against my friend De Mor-'themer! He is the idol of Fitz Aubrey! 'that phantom which so appalls you—the 'bosom friend of Mowbray!——Ah! pro-'phecy now—who is it that upholds him?'

'Oh God! most wonderful are thy 'ways!—' returned the ruminating Monk: while Fitz Alwy, who awaited some further remark more tending to his satisfaction, passionately exclaimed—

'And is this then all the comfort that 'thou canst yield me? Oh! would to 'Heaven thou hadst not taken up the cru-'cifix and cowl to my destruction! or that 'thy hand had never wielded the dagger to 'plunge me into misery! How art thou 'fallen, Ethelmorne! of what avail thy 'pomp, thy valour, or thy greatness—if 'thy bosom is to bleed from the shafts of 'thy proud cousin?'

'Did

'Did he attempt thy life, image of my 'Adelmorne?—' cried the Monk with quickness, a glow of passion dying his sallow cheek, and haughty fires flashing from his dark sunken eye; 'did Eustace 'attempt thy life?'

Fitz Alwy was too well learned in the human heart, not to take advantage of the misconception of Ignatius, which had caused such emotions.

'He has,' (replied Fitz Alwy), 'and shall 'not I be revenged? am I tamely to bare 'my breast to the malice of this cousin?—'

'No, my Ethelmorne! levy thou thy 'forces, meet him like a hero!—'

'Levy my forces!' (repeated Fitz Alwy in a disappointed tone) 'is this the way to 'oppose my conqueror?'

'What wouldst thou, Ethelmorne?' cried the monk, a ghastly paleness o'erspreading his countenance, and gazing on Fitz Alwy breathless.

'Poison him! poison Fitz Aubrey!

'poison

'poison De Mowbray! poison - - - - - - -' a groan from the Monk arrested his voice.

'Oh Ethelmorne, Ethelmorne! if you 'would avoid hell's keenest torments, dye 'not thy hands in blood!—Oh if you knew, '- - - - - - - - if your young ardent soul 'could imagine but the thousandth part 'of what I suffer! if thou couldst feel the 'killing pangs! the damning thoughts! 'the horrid recollections! the dreadful 'expectations!' (and his eyes grew wild and terrific—tearing open his garment, he displayed to the shuddering Fitz Alwy his wretched bosom, scared by a thousand self-inflicted wounds) 'oh! couldst thou know 'these dreadful punishments which appall 'thy sight, are unfelt by this despairing 'heart, so inferior are they to the pangs, 'the agonies within! Oh Ethelmorne, 'Ethelmorne! Ethelmorne! no language is 'able to describe the agony I suffer! . . .'

The Baron appalled at the energy of the Monk, leaned for a few moments speechless against

against the craggy sides of this abode of guilt and misery: soon, however, did this momentary sensation pass away; he paced the cell with emphatic, hurrying steps, venting in muttering sentences the gloomy feelings of his soul, while the wretched Monk gazed on him in silence and dark despair. At length Fitz Alwy, seizing his keys, turned towards the Monk—

'Farewell then,' (he said), 'I will not 'again intrude my miseries upon thee—I 'have a hand that will not shrink from the 'purposes of revenge.'

A dreadful meaning beamed forth in his eyes; the Monk arrested him by the arm, and cried in hollow tones—

'Then be it so! thou shalt have what 'thou seekest.'

'Ah! shall I?' (exclaimed Fitz Alwy, joy illuminating his countenance) 'then 'thou hast yielded to me! embrace me for 'this gift, I owe thee more than life . . . 'when wilt thou prepare it? Mind, it must 'be

'be slow and subtle—let it be wrought in 'some unquestionable shape! no metallic 'mixtures!' — (the Monk shuddered in agony) 'thank Heaven! I know the in-'efficacy of them.—Some subtle poison, 'that will bid defiance to the skill of human 'nature to effect a cure—Farewell; to-'morrow I will send Sebastian to procure 'the necessary ingredients for you---Fare-'well, good Father!'

'Farewell, my Ethelmorne!' pronounced the melancholy Friar in despairing accents, as the secret door closed, and shut the youthful Baron from his sight.

With joy pictured in his now beautiful countenance, he proceeded through the vaulted passages; so elated was his expecting heart, that images of fear or remorse could not intrude: he swiftly passed along, forgetful to throw his cowl over his fine-formed head, when a noise of retreating footsteps met his ear: he now cast his cowl over his face, and hurried forward;

the retreating steps were heard turning into the vaults on the right—he smiled, and drew his dagger—swiftly he took another direction and gained the vaults, before the Knight who now appeared could enter. It was Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose; who, with a drawn sword, and consternation pictured in his face, quickly but cautiously advanced; he saw not Fitz Alwy, who had concealed his light.

The Baron, however, now recollected that his dagger was but a poor defence against the sword of Sir Ethelred; he changed his purpose, and suffering the young Knight to proceed undisturbed, he by another path regained his chamber; when hastily flinging away his robe, his dagger, and his lamp, he composed his countenance, and sat down to read in his library.

Chap. VIII.

His arm is stretched forth to the unhappy; the lightning of his sword is round the weak.

Ossian.

Sir Morcar de Mowbray quickly saw his work perfecting under the superintendance of Fitz Aubrey, than whom he could not have a more able or more willing assistant; and in a few days he expected to see his design completed. With the utmost anxiety he hovered around the Castle which enclosed his Adela; and with Sir Eustace, or Edwin alone for his companion, would brave the utmost danger beneath the walls of his hated rival.

In order to deceive them with regard to his real operations, Eustace appeared busied on the right in making a strong entrenchment,

trenchment, and annoyed the enemy with frequent skirmishes, in which he always came off victorious.

He dared not trust himself again to Elfwold; conscious that common honour to his cousin, ought to prevent his endeavouring to win the heart of Ethelburga, yet unable to conceal the passion which consumed him. He had once or twice been to Wolfnorth upon military business, and he found Sir Philip always tender and affectionate to him; but at the same time he was anxious, melancholy, and unhappy.

Sir Eustace was one day returning from Wolfnorth, accompanied by Edwin and their esquires; when they unfortunately encountered a party of De Morthemer's adherents, accompanied by the Baron of Mont Eagle and Sir Bevis de Wilton. It consisted of Walter de Segrave, Edmund de Welle, and their esquires, and ten men at arms. Eustace, on sight of them, hesitated not, but Edgar said—

'My

'My Lords, in your present situation I 'would advise you to fly, it would be 'senseless to fall in such a butchery.'

'Fly!'—(exclaimed Sir Eustace, in a voice of astonishment) 'when did Eustace 'of Fitz Arnulf fly?—Besides, however 'my cousin may hate me in his heart, he 'would not surely attack me in so unequal 'a combat, considering too our state of 'amity.'

For a few moments Fitz Alwy appeared to hesitate; but 'twas only to see if Eustace was unaccompanied--when, perceiving no other approached, he drew up on one side, and De Segrave and De Welle on a signal drew up on the other.

'Sir Eustace,' (said the Baron), 'yield to 'me, thou art my prisoner.'

Fitz Arnulf for a few moments rested on his horse, dumb with surprise; until gathering speech, he cried out with a frown that seemed to make his coward heart sink within his breast---

'Thy

'Thy prisoner! and art thou then so 'base? Oh Fitz Alwy, how art thou 'lost?—'

Then seeing they were about to seize his bridle, he drew his sword, and setting spurs to his fiery steed, cut his way desperately, passed his cousin, and would have escaped most completely, had not the situation of Edwin, as he turned his head, caused him to return into the midst of the enemy.

Edwin had encountered Sir Bevis de Wilton, when Edmund de Welle, with all the cowardice of his nature, attacked him at the back; the little party seeing the treachery which surrounded them, drew up with their backs close together, and presented four fronts to the enemy, who fought them in the most intemperate manner. Eustace was engaged with Fitz Alwy, who kept crying out, to take the eagle dead or alive! In this situation, with such unequal numbers, destruction must have overtaken the gallant little party, had not de Mow-

bray

bray with a strong party unexpectedly appeared; at which the others setting spurs to their horses, fled with speed, except Edmund de Welle, whom Edgar had secured under his arm, and kept prisoner.

Sir Morcar earnestly congratulated the young heroes on their escape; but all eyes were turned to Edwin, who knelt by the side of his gallant Cathmin, now breathless on the blood-stained earth—

'And art thou gone, my faithful steed,
'last best gift of my poor Donald! . . .'
cried the youth in piercing accents; when a hag, withered and worn, passed muttering to herself, but stopped to gaze on Edwin in such a portentous manner, that the knights one and all shuddered and turned away.

'Lament not thy horse, Sir Knight; soon
'wilt thou follow him!'—cried the hag with a piercing shriek, and in a moment disappeared.

The knights gazed on each other, while the

the sorrowing Edwin, with innocent angelic glances, had raised his fair head, and gazed in silent amazement: with difficulty they tore him away from the body of his Cathmin, and not before he had given positive directions to his esquire, to have his horse interred at Wolfnorth; he then mournfully pursued his way.

Sir Morcar now informed them, that about an hour before, he was walking on the heights around the camp, when he saw the before-mentioned party issue from the gates of Redwald. He recollected his friends would be on their way home, and though he placed a perfect confidence in their valour, he knew too well the uncertain success of war, not to be apprehensive for their safety, encountering such superior foes in number; therefore calling together some archers and axe-men, he had set out to their rescue.

They now considered what was to be done with their prisoner; and binding him hand

hand and foot, they consulted upon his fate before his face—when the alarmed noble starting up, declared his willingness instantly to enter into their service.

'Learn,' (cried Eustace) 'we despise thee, 'coward! and, to show thee how insignifi- 'cant we consider thee—thou art free to 'return; and I myself will write thy cha- 'racter to Lord de Morthemer.'

Then turning to Edwin, he asked him if that was sufficient. 'Certainly; contemp- 'tible thing, let it depart.'

'No,' (said Sir Morcar), 'prythee let 'him join our troop; only let him write 'his offer, and sign it with his name.'

The trembling De Welle joyfully consented; when having finished, Sir Morcar, to the amusement of the whole camp, had him packed in a hamper, and sent him with his written offer of services to De Morthemer.

'For,' (said the chieftain), 'had you suf- 'fered

'fered him to depart without, he would 'have denied the whole.'

They now determined each movement of the siege, the tower was nearly completed, and every other preparation perfectly ready. Eustace was determined, since his ungenerous cousin had acted so base a part, no longer to bind his tongue on the subject of his passion; and he settled with Edgar in the evening, that he would go to Elfwold on the following day.

He had retired with Edwin to his tent, who complained of a sudden indisposition; when sittting in tranquil converse together, they perceived a warrior approach their tent, leading tenderly along a tottering monk: his vizor was closed, but Edwin starting up exclaimed—

'Heavens, Victor! bring you news of 'Mont Rose? we are alarmed concerning 'him.'

'And well might you, my dear Edwin!' cried

cried the supposed Monk in a faint voice, and throwing back his cowl disclosed the emaciated features of Sir Ethelred.

'Good Heavens, you have been very ill, 'Mont Rose! (exclaimed the knights, starting back in astonishment) 'how came 'you in such a situation?'

The young Knight they addressed, now fainted in the arms of Victor, who exclaimed—

'Never, never, Sir Eustace, was there 'such a monster as your cousin: tortures 'the most cruel tortures, and confinement 'the most severe, has reduced Sir Ethelred 'to the state you see him in—but I loiter--- 'in which tent can I find one who will 'administer to his hurts? . . .' Victor flew to the tent pointed out; while the knights, horror-struck, hung around Ethelred, and essayed each endeavour to revive him.

Sir Morcar and De Lucy now entered; great was their concern and astonishment at

'side of the Castle; and the night before 'the last, I watched around, clambering the 'rocks, and making signals at all the dun- 'geon windows, in hopes of discovering 'the prison of my master; from one of 'them, at length, a hollow voice cried—

'"What wouldest thou? and who art '"thou?—"

'I would find my master!' (I cried).

'"Is your master's name Mont Rose?"

'Yes, friend,' (I replied) 'do you know 'aught of him?

'"Remain where thou art, till I arrive, '"and you shall know," answered the 'voice.

'I never began to reflect that I had been 'guilty of great imprudence, as the voice 'was as likely to proceed from a foe, as a 'friend. I now thought it would be most 'prudent to fly; but anxiety, and the 'hopes of hearing of my dear master, kept 'me there. For the first time it occurred 'to me, that I would ascend a tree, and

'watch

'watch who might arrive. I waited for 'some time; at length an aged monk, of a 'most remarkable appearance, came forth: 'he looked around, and not seeing me, 'uttered a low groan: I then dropped 'from the tree, and was at his side in a 'minute.

'What news of my poor master, holy 'Father?' (I said) 'if thou hast deceived 'me---

'"I have not deceived thee—" (replied 'a voice I never can forget) "canst thou '"wrench away those bars? for thy master '"is a prisoner; if thou canst, I will to-'"morrow night give him to thee."

'Blessings on thee, Father; why not to-'night?'

'"Your master is incapable of moving '"himself, and I am not strong enough to '"bear him from his prison, and you I '"cannot admit—"

'Why not?' (I cried impetuously).

'"Be not passionate, youth"—(he returned,)

turned,) " my life you may take if you
' " will, but you will only thereby destroy
' " your master."

' He departed, and I was obliged to re-
' strain my impatience. Last night I went
' to the appointed place, and with some
' difficulty wrenched away the bars; I
' called; the Monk answered me, and de-
' sired me to stay where I was. Long,
' long I waited, and began to execrate the
' friar; when I was astonished to see him
' approach, leading my master in this dis-
' guise—He came not from the aperture
' from which I had wrenched the bars, but
' from amongst the rocks—

' " Oh Victor!——" cried my master
' when he saw me, and he fell senseless in
' my arms.

' " Bear your master" (said the Monk)
' " to yon hermitage; you must not urge
' " him to proceed; his wounds will not
' " allow of it, but when he can move with
' " ease, take him to Sir Eustace Lord Fitz
' " Arnulf,

' " Arnulf, who heads the Falconbergs
' " against Lord de Morthemer.—Mind,
' " young man, attend to my commands—
' " take him not to Elfwold, there he is
' " not safe—a villain harbours there——
' " Take him to Sir Eustace, and tell him,
' " if he values the life of his friend, not
' " to trust him out of his sight.

' " Be not alarmed at remaining at the
' " Hermitage all to-morrow—till to-mor-
' " row night he cannot escape in safety,
' " and his escape will not be discovered
' " shortly—perhaps never, for I doubt if
' " his unfeeling gaoler ever meant to see
' " him more."

' I shuddered at the dreadful meaning
' his words implied: Ethelred fell on his
' neck, and bathed his hand with tears.

' " Farewell, my son," (mournfully pro-
' nounced the Monk) " remember me in
' " your prayers."

' I bore my poor master to the Her-
' mitage; the agony he has endured, would

'not permit him to tell me how he became 'the victim of Fitz Alwy's vengeance; 'but I am sure 'tis a tale black as the Ba- 'ron's heart.'

Victor ceased; and the Knights, in astonishment at the barbarity of Fitz Alwy, left Sir Ethelred in a calm repose.

In the morning when they went to him, they found him much recovered; and though at one moment he cried out with pain, the next saw him laughing with delight, at the thoughts of having escaped to his friends, and, in all the natural cheerfulness of his heart, he turned his misfortunes into ridicule.

'Ah, my friends!' (he cried, when they assembled round him) 'beware, I say, let 'not infernal curiosity lead you into a si- 'milar scrape; all that I have got, arose 'from my excessive anxiety to pry into 'that monster Fitz Alwy's haunts—but I 'see you are all as anxious to hear, as I am 'to tell the story—Edwin, you are pale 'before

'before I begin—oh! had you felt those
'red-hot irons!'

'About ten days ago, I was going into
'the Baron's chamber, when I heard him
'and Sir Bevis muttering together, and
'at length Fitz Alwy said: "Give me
'"the cloak, the dagger, and the lamp,
'"I am for St. Augustine's." Now,
'tempted by the devil I believe, I was so
'much astonished at this speech, that no
'sooner had Sir Bevis departed, than I
'quickly passed the little tower door, and
'followed swiftly the departing rays of
'Fitz Alwy's lamp. I followed for an
'amazing distance, and suddenly found
'myself in the dark, and that I had lost
'him. For a long time I wandered about,
'not at all enamoured of my situation;
'when lo! the Baron appeared on a sud-
'den, his cowl thrown back,—and I had a
'full view of his face, which appeared
'elated with some pleasurable emotion;
'I quickly departed, but he followed and

'gained upon me; I knew too well what to
'expect from his mercy, and turned quickly
'into some vaults on the right, and had,
'I then imagined, the good fortune to es-
'cape unobserved. By many passages, I
'at length found myself in the chapel, and
'got quickly up to my room; I heard that
'the Baron had inquired for me, I has-
'tened to him; what was my astonishment
'to find him reading in his library, with the
'utmost composure! I cast my eyes around
'for the disguise I had seen him in; it
'however appeared not, and after re-
'ceiving some trifling directions, I quitted
'the apartment. I was now congratu-
'lating myself on my escape, when the
'next evening, as I was passing through
'the chapel, Sir Bevis de Wilton and Sir
'Hildebrand entered with four ruffians,
'who, before I guessed their intention,
'hurried me through the vaulted passages,
'into a solitary dungeon: here I remained

'all

'all night, the next day Fitz Alwy visited 'me.

' "'Tis well, Sir Ethelred," (he said) ' "I find a traitor in my own esquire—own ' "that you have engaged with my unwor- ' "thy cousin, to betray me into his ' "hands—own it, I say, or expect the ' "reward due to such unheard-of treach- ' "ery!"

'Amazed at the charge, I protested that 'I had never heard of any such purpose. 'Fitz Alwy smiled upon me, and turning 'to Sir Bevis—

' "You see" (said he) "the audacity ' "of this treacherous villain; tortures ' "alone will extort from him a confes- ' "sion."

'Imagine my horror at this sentence.

'Beware, my lord,' (I said) 'how you 'exercise your cruelties over the son of 'Mont Rose! remember that my father 'will make you accountable for me; dare

'not

'not to touch me, for I shall not be unre-
'venged.'

'He smiled at me, and with the look of
'a dæmon replied—

'"Fool! full soon will you know, that
'"the Baron of Mont Eagle dares any
'"thing!"—and sneering upon me, he
'quitted the cell.

'Accordingly, the following night, Lord
'Hontercombe, attended by the torturers
'and Father Sebastian, entered my cell:
'at sight of them, my blood froze in my
'veins; I well knew, no excess of cruelty
'was too great for him to exercise, and
'Sebastian had ever possessed my most ex-
'treme hatred.

'The Monk advanced, and urged me to
'a confession of my crimes; he asked me
'to repeat all I had ever heard from Eu-
'stace, Sir Edwin, or any of that party,
'and questioned me, if I had not informed
'them, that Fitz Alwy had assisted Lord
'de Morthemer in carrying off Adela de
'Warrenne;

'Warrenne; with many other questions, 'which, however, I had resolution enough 'not to answer—but when they heated 'those infernal irons, and pressed them to 'my quivering flesh, I shrieked for mercy, 'and acknowledged many things that I 'had said---they now produced pens and 'paper, when an infamous account of Eu-'stace's supposed iniquities was read to me, 'and I was desired to sign my name to it--- 'and amongst other things, they had de-'clared that I had acknowledged accepting 'terms to poison Fitz Alwy---I shrunk 'from the infamous paper.

'No,' (cried I) 'no tortures shall oblige 'me to put my hand to so infamous a fa-'brication—Oh my friends! I cannot re-'peat what followed---'tis too terrible, too 'horrible for human nature to dwell upon; 'the excruciating tortures . . . . . but, 'thank God! while I could support my 'frame, I had resolution enough not to 'sign the paper; and when my agony be-

'came

'came insupportable, I had not strength or 'sense to sign it.

'Two successive nights saw my suffer- 'ings; my cries, my shrieks, tore the roof 'of my dungeon, but it pierced not the 'hearts of the monsters who surrounded 'me.

'The third night, I lay almost senseless 'upon the floor of my dungeon, when an 'aged Monk entered; on seeing me, he 'started with horror, and I not less enhor- 'ror'd gazed upon his ghastly form---so 'awful, so dreadful, so emaciated! . . . . 'With difficulty I told him my tale; the 'actions of Fitz Alwy seemed to tear his 'soul, he beat his breast and cried---

'"Oh Lord! this is thy retribution!" 'He then uttered groans and wild cries, that 'would have intimidated the roaring lion 'from his den, or scared the eagle from her 'lofty nest.

'The following day I was left in peace; 'at night the Monk returned, and again

'alleviated

'alleviated my parching thirst: he now
'asked me the character of Sir Eustace
'Lord Fitz Arnulf; and when I disclosed
'to him the difference of his disposition to
'his cousin's, his heart seemed wrung by
'some dreadful grief, and he left me in
'despair.

'But oh! the following day my tortures
'were repeated, and life seemed now to me
'a burthen; I wept and groaned, calling
'for death, and crying under the anguish
'I endured. The Monk again appeared,
'and told me to take comfort, for that on
'the morrow I should escape; he had each
'day unloosed the manacles from my
'wrists, but they were so heavy, and filled
'with little points, which had lacerated
'my flesh. He asked me if I could move,
'I found I could not, and was obliged to
'wait until the following day. No food
'had been brought me by my jailors, but
'the Monk had supplied me. The fol-
'lowing day I was left in peace; the

'Monk's ointment relieved me, and in the 'evening I escaped.'

Eustace, who had been deeply affected by his recital, now fell on his bosom---

'Generous friend!' he cried, but could articulate no more.

Ethelred smiled, and sunk back on his pillow; while the Knights, dumb with disgust, gazed enhorror'd on each other.

Sir Eustace, having seen the poor youth lulled to repose, and having left him in the care of the other Knights, mounted his steed and proceeded to Elfwold. As he approached the Castle, he saw the Countess Ermengarda at a distance; and turning from his path, entered the Castle by a private portal, and unobserved arrived at the octagon room; softly he unclosed the door, and his heart bounded in his breast, when he saw his Ethelburga sitting alone, her head reclined upon her hand, but she appeared to be weeping; he flew towards her, and kneeling at her feet, took her hand,

hand, and pressed it to his bosom.—She started on his approach—her eyes smiled through her tears, and returning his warm pressure, she cried—

'Oh my Eustace—methought we ne'er 'should meet again!'

'And did Ethelburga think so with re-'gret?' (cried the enraptured youth)—'did 'Ethelburga deign to cast a thought on 'her unhappy Eustace—who lives but in 'her presence, and whose life and happiness 'hangs upon her breath?'

'Oh Eustace! Eustace!—' fondly exclaimed the unhappy maid.

'Weep not, my Ethelburga' (said the delighted boy); 'let not those eyes so 'blessed be drowned in tears: alas! why 'should I not pour into thy indulgent ear, 'an affection which Heaven would approve? 'a love which saints might venerate? Oh 'my Ethelburga! let not the malice of 'fate or fortune disunite our hearts! hesi-'tate not, sweet maid, to tell me, that I am

'not

'not hateful to you! Oh Ethelburga, your 'gentle heart would approve my vows, if 'you could look into my breast, and see 'how much I love and honour you!——'

He wept upon the trembling hand he held—Ethelburga looked tenderly at him.

'Eustace,' (she said) 'why has my cruel 'destiny forbade my proving how sensibly 'my heart feels and acknowledges the 'honour of your regard! Oh my brave, 'my honourable hero! why are my anxious 'lips denied the privilege of owning that 'I love you!——'

'Then *thou dost* love me, Ethelburga!'—(cried Eustace in a voice so tremulous from the extacy of his feelings, 'twas almost inarticulate) 'then *thou dost* love me! . . .'

And folding her tenderly in his arms, he strained her convulsively to his adoring heart.—At this moment the door opened, and Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey entered! He started back, in wonder and astonishment—his tender heart bled at the scene before

'him;

him; locked in each other's arms he found the gentle pair, pouring their burning tears into each other's bosoms---On his entrance, they both with one accord threw themselves at his feet---and Eustace seizing his hand, cried---

'Mercy dwells with the brave! and pity 'with the good!—thou art both, Fitz Au-'brey!—pardon, nay pity too, you'll surely 'deign.'

The guardian, the father, the monitor, was lost in the tenderness of the man; and forgetting all but the misery of the innocent young pair before them, he pressed them tenderly to his bosom, and mingled his tears with theirs!---

'acquainted that her father, in his last
'will, breathed out an awful adjuration
'that his child should marry the son of
'Osmond? An injunction so solemn as this
'cannot be disregarded without commit-
'ting a most dreadful violence to feeling
'and piety—besides, my young friend, if
'you knew the dark secrets of the grave!
'if you could feel but half this angelic
'creature's father did! what I have felt—
'oh Eustace, Eustace!....'

'I do know all those damning facts,' cried Eustace starting from his seat, and wildly pacing the room in a distracted manner---then clasping his hands and raising them to heaven, he cried in a voice of agony---

'Oh God! oh God! thou dost visit
'the sins of the father upon his wretched
'children!'

Sir Philip now regarded the weeping Ethelburga---

'My child,' (he said) 'to-morrow we
'depart;

'depart; too long, alas! have we delayed 'our journey—to-morrow, Ethelburga, we 'must to Wolfnorth.'

'To-morrow!' (cried Eustace in distraction) 'to-morrow! Ethelburga'----A look of despair answered him too potently, and he wildly cried---'Oh Fitz Aubrey! 'Osmond is revenged. ——Heaven knows 'the tears that I have shed! the agonies 'my breast has suffered! had made a 'recompence to his unhappy shade, without this last, worst, fatal stroke of all! '——Heaven, Heaven knows how my 'heart will be able to sustain this vast 'complicated accumulation of misery!—' Then casting a look of unutterable despair, anguish, and adoration on his Ethelburga,——he departed from the chamber.

The cause of Sir Philip's returning to Elfwold so suddenly to remove Ethelburga, arose in the following manner. The good Baron de Warrenne had long execrated

execrated the circumstances which obliged him, upon Ethelburga's account, to give entrance to Fitz Alwy in the Castle: he had long since ceased to remonstrate on the Baroness's marriage with him, which he with sorrow perceived was irrecoverably fixed. But on his discovering the mutual passion of his gallant favourite and herself, he could no longer restrain the wishes of his heart to see them united. The valour, the goodness, the amiability, the beauty, of Sir Eustace, were sufficient in themselves to obliterate the inequality of birth or fortune: but as the birth of Eustace was equal to that of the Baroness, he saw no reason why they should not be united. At this moment the Baron of Mont Eagle's villanous attack upon Sir Eustace became known to him; Sir Philip coming on the same day to Elfwold, the Baron repeated the circumstances in the warmest manner, and earnestly declared, that although for Fitz Aubrey's sake he would almost suffer

any

any thing, yet he could not suffer Fitz Alwy to enter his Castle again. He then remonstrated with him on the cruelty of uniting Ethelburga to such a villain, and ended by saying, that if character in itself was not sufficient to prevent the match, that Ethelburga's affection for Eustace, so evident to every one, should be so.

At this declaration Sir Philip started, struck with the dreadful conviction, that the peace of Ethelburga was fled for ever; and anxious to learn the truth, he flew to his darling: here, a most affecting conversation took place, in which Sir Philip discovered the state of her heart. But notwithstanding that she denied not her feelings for Eustace, she concluded—

'Oh best of men! think not that this 'unfortunate predilection will prevent me 'from fulfilling at least a part of my 'duty; you have trained my heart to feel-'ings of filial duty and affection—your 'pious lessons are not forgotten by me,

'and

'and you shall see that though my heart 'should break in performing it, from my 'duty I shall not shrink——'

Instantly Sir Philip determined on her return to Wolfnorth; when removed from the object of her love and under the care of Father Bertrand, she might regain her peace of mind, and Augustine was to accompany her. But alas! he knew not the heart of Ethelburga, or that an impression once made there was not to be effaced.

In gloomy melancholy passed away the remainder of this unauspicious day. Sleepless was the night of the lovers, languidly they arose to the painful task of bidding each other a last farewell. The heart of Sir Philip bled for them in secret; his existence he would have yielded up with transport in order to obtain for them the object of their desires: but, alas! it was not in the power of human nature.

The way to Redwald and Ravensthorn, lay in a part of that to Wolfnorth: Eustace implored

implored permisison to accompany them, and Sir Philip refused not. Melancholy indeed was their ride, each steed was suffered to loiter on the way, and when the roads divided, Eustace regarded them with so sad and sorrowful a look, that Sir Philip hesitated whether or not to request him to attend them to Wolfnorth: prudence, however, whispered him that to lovers in such a situation, any indulgence was a refinement of cruelty, and hastily passing aside with his esquires, he avoided being witness of their despair; he parted from Eustace in an affectionate manner, the look, the accent with which the lovers bade farewell! baffles the powers of description—it was agonized, mournful, and dejected, and the parting glance seemed in one stroke to still to all eternity the heart of each.

The grief depicted in his beautiful countenance was apparent to all the knights, on his

his return to the camp; but there was a sacred dignity in the sorrows of Eustace, which forbade the inquiry of curiosity—— to De Lucy, he however confided all that had passed; and to the gentle Edwin, whom his heart had distinguished from the other knights, he told his pains. And who shall say, that Edwin, adoring as he did this idol Ethelburga, felt not the keenest sorrow at the woes of Eustace?— oh! yes, he did feel it, and would have sacrificed his existence to have ensured their happiness. He listened to the tender pain of the hero with all the interest of a more than brother; and he soothed him with the sweet consolation of his being beloved by Ethelburga: but the hapless Eustace for a time forgot his own sorrows as he remarked the wan emaciated look of his gentle comforter; the beautiful blue eyes of the youth were sunken in his head, and a hue of greenish cast encircled them;

a yellow tinge sallowed the lovely fairness of his skin, and the smallest tint of red did not even dye his cheek.

'Edwin, my kind friend, you are not 'well?' (said Eustace).

'I am not indeed!' (returned Edwin with a sigh, and placing his hand upon his left side), 'I have here a dreadful and 'acute pain—my breath is strangely af- 'fected, and a languor and sickness some- 'times overpowers me to that degree, that 'I can scarcely sit upright—Alas! in this 'world I have not long to remain: no 'matter---death to me will be a relief--- 'but with me sinks for ever the last re- 'maining branch of De Montague.'

At these words Eustace started, a cold chill ran through his veins as he recollected the words of the vision he had seen at Wolfnorth; he regarded Edwin with the fondest, tenderest anxiety; but concealing the dreadful conjectures of his mind,

mind, he requested him to apply to the medical monks in the camp.

'I have done so,' (replied Edwin), 'but 'their' skill avails me nought—and my 'complaint, whate'er it is, baffles their 'art—'

Eustace shuddered, and regarded Edwin with dismay: the most dreadful conjectures arose in his mind; he avoided however more particularly to question him, for fear of creating alarm, but hastily closing his conversation, arose and departed to seek Sir Morcar. A most interesting consultation ensued, and the Knights seeking the Monks, told them the nature of their fears. They did not, however, agree in the conjecture, declaring that Edwin's indisposition was not sufficiently sudden, or sufficiently violent, to warrant such a supposition: they all agreed to administer antidotes in case it should be so, but which was to be done

done without Edwin's gaining the smallest insight into their suspicions. Sir Stanley declared, that when Edwin Montague was first known to them, he wore a very similar appearance to that which now had alarmed them concerning him. This in some measure relieved their apprehensions.

Now all things were ready for the attack of Redwald, and the daring and hazardous attempt was to be made: the tower was completed, and the assembly met together in the tent of Sir Morcar, to consult upon the measures to be taken. It was determined, that the division commanded by Sir Vortimer and Lord de Lucy should make a feigned attack upon the other side; while Eustace, Sir Morcar, and their adherents entered by means of their wooden towers.

'But,' (said Sir Morcar) 'there is a 'task hazardous in the extreme to be un-'dertaken, which is, to clear away the

'timber and erect the tower; this must 'be done by a small but gallant party, 'whose caution and prudence will be 'equal to their valour:—who will under-'take this task?'

'That will I!'---(exclaimed the animated Eustace, seizing a hatchet in his hand, and waving it gracefully on high)—'let me, brave Morcar, head this enter-'prise.'

'And me!—and me!'——(cried Stanley and Sir Edwin.) 'Enough, brave youths!' (returned the generous Mowbray, gratitude swelling his heart) 'be yours the 'task, Eustace, and choose who you will 'take with you, my troops excepted, which 'must be ready to mount the walls and 'engage those within.'

Eustace chose Stanley, Sir Edwin Montague, with Edgar of Northwood, and one hundred of his own men to assist—of the knights who formed part of Sir Vortimer's band, he chose Sir Oscar of Clono's Vale,

Vale, Sir Henry of Rothes, and Sir Elias d'Aubigny.

These young heroes, all seizing their hatchets in their hands, soon as dusk commenced, sallied to the heights; they had not worked long, however, before the chieftains at Redwald were in alarm, and wondered how they got to these inaccessible heights, and for what purpose they felled the timber. To a demand of this nature from Lord Roslyn, Eustace replied—

'Timber we want, and timber we must 'have!'

At this moment an alarm was spread, that the enemy were attacking them on the other side. Lord de Morthemer immediately declared the felling of the timber was only a stratagem to draw off their attention from that part of the Castles attacked, and, leaving a small party to annoy Sir Eustace, flew to attack the enemy on the other side.

Sir Eustace, Stanley, Sir Oscar, and

Edgar worked at the trees in the stoutest manner, oft-times relieved by Sir Eliss, Sir Henry, and their esquires. While Edwin, whose weak state of health rendered him not powerful at the axe, stood with Sir Morcar superintending the levelling of the timber and the erection of the tower, for which services he was particularly calculated: he likewise had constructed a rampart to serve the wood-cutters, who were annoyed by the archers from the courts within. Sir Morcar, seeing this, thought it most prudent to station immediately a large band of archers on the heights, and in the trees, to protect them—

'And,' (he said) 'as this situation is in 'itself exalted, it should be headed by 'some man of rank——what, my Lord of 'Tankerville, think you of performing this 'service?'

'By the valour of my ancestors! most 'willingly will I accept of the task of pro-'tecting those brave fellows; and, as the

'director

'director of my vassals, who I request may 'perform this service, the higher the tree 'is in which I am planted, the better.'

'Certainly, my Lord,' replied Sir Morcar smiling; and he was happy in thus stationing Lord Tankerville on the only service he was capable of performing. His men therefore, armed with full quivers and well-strung bows, climbed the trees and heights around, and as they were excellent marksmen, performed the service admirably; while their Lord, exalted on the tallest tree, and guarding himself by his buckler from the occasional arrows of the enemy, peeped out sometimes from his security, and issued his orders in a commanding tone.

The Northumbrian tyger, who was still lame from the wounds inflicted upon him by Lord Fitz William, commanded a small party of soldiers in the court, to annoy the wood-cutters, and Lord Elphin joined in this undertaking; but unfortunately

tunately for the Percy, Lord Tankerville aimed a shaft so neatly at his breast, that it entered his breast-plate and fled deeply into his flesh! The enraged tyger looked up to see who had inflicted the wound; when, seeing Lord Tankerville, who had chosen a tree infinitely larger than his own body, shielded completely from his archers, whom he had ordered every one to aim at him, his rage knew no bounds. When Lord Tankerville saw him carried from the court, his joy was so great that he called out to Edwin—

'Mark, my dear Montague! *I* was the 'first to rush into the conflict; the first 'man fell by my hands!'

Thus protected, the wood-cutters pursued their task with alacrity, and Edwin and Sir Morcar had raised the barrier so high that the tower was erected before they had the smallest suspicion of what was going on. The warriors in the courts had evidently aimed at the breast of De Mowbray; but

but that great hero seemed to be invulnerable; and as he gave his directions, carelessly picked up the arrows which were aimed so unsuccessfully at him, and handing them to the archers of Lord Tankerville, bade them return them to their owners.

Eustace, having now ended his task with so much skill and bravery, approached and begged a boon of Sir Morcar; willingly was it granted; it was, that he might be the first of the brave party to enter the courts, saying—

'Your life, De Mowbray, is too precious 'to be thrown away; of what avail is it 'to free the Lady Adela, if her lover is 'not alive to reward her sufferings? Be-'sides, your directions are necessary for the 'men; without you, they will be all con-'fusion.'

'Your valour, not your argument, has 'obtained the boon, my Eustace,' (returned Sir Morcar smiling); 'be you the 'first to enter: I shall follow with Sir Edwert

'Edwert and Sir Norroy; then the re-
'mainder of my troops.—Godfrey de
'Valance is to remain to the last, in order
'to call Sir Vortimer from his feigned
'attack to us.'

The tower was now filled, the barrier thrown down, and the warriors of the Castles uttered at once a cry of terror and surprise. Eustace was the first to place the ladder to descend into the court; in a moment he was assailed by a shower of arrows, and when with a loud huzza from his party he set his foot upon the ground, Lord Roslyn, who had flown to encounter him and his adherents, commenced a dreadful battle. Quickly poured down the followers of Eustace! quickly did the Castle pour forth its forces!—but ere Lord de Morthemer could enter the courts, (for he was at the moment at Ravensthorn) Sir Morcar had filled Redwald with his bold adherents; Eustace had so bravely defended the tower from assault, that they succeeded

ceeded most completely in their undertaking; he had wounded Lord Roslyn and was now engaged arm to arm with the ferocious Cromla, and Sir Morcar with the brave Skiddaw. At this moment an action of unequalled bravery and resolution attracted the attention of De Mowbray:—Edgar, with his brave comrades of Fitz Arnulf, had almost forced an entrance into the Castle, when an arrow well aimed pierced the warrior's arm—at sight of the wound their leader had received, the soldiers dispirited fell back; when the gallant Edgar, snapping off the arrow short upon the wound, waved his sword on high, and rushed into the Castle. Eustace seized Sir Morcar's standard—immediately was he surrounded by numbers; bravely however did he defend it, and entering the Castle, he ascended the stairs fighting the whole way up, and at length placed it on the top of Redwald! while Edgar, Stanley, and Edwin beat

down the party who had ventured to oppose him. At sight of De Mowbray's standard on the Castle walls, the chieftains beneath uttered a loud cry—execrations burst from them all, and flying to the drawbridge they abandoned the Castle.

Three chieftains lay overcome by the hand of the brave Morcar, who had at one time been entirely surrounded by the enemy; he received a wound on the left shoulder from De Segrave; Edwin, who had behaved manfully, notwithstanding his weakness, escaped unhurt. Stanley was slightly wounded.—Sir Vortimer de Warrenne and Lord de Lucy arrived in time to clear away the courts completely of the adherents of De Morthemer, many of whom however were obliged to yield themselves prisoners, for De Morthemer, on the danger that assailed them, had no sooner given entrance to most of his friends, than he ordered the drawbridge which united the Castles to be broke down, and

thus

thus he doomed many of his brave fellows to utter destruction.

Sir Morcar now dreaded lest Lord de Morthemer should endeavour to convey his Adela away from Ravensthorn, and instantly settled to place a troop around it; and Eustace, who coveted the solitude he should enjoy beneath the Castle rocks, entreated that he might perform the service. Sir Morcar remonstrated with him, declaring that the services he had already rendered him were so material, he never could express half his gratitude; but Eustace assuring him it would be a favour and an indulgence to him, he at length consented.

Edwin, Stanley, and Sir Vortimer de Warrenne, joined him in the expedition; and Edgar was preparing to follow, when Sir Morcar stopping him cried—

'No, my brave youth—kneel and receive 'the reward of your valour———Rise, Sir 'Edgar, you are an esquire no more!—'

Edgar,

Edgar, whose heart throbbed with transport, received this honour with a noble and intelligent air.

'No, my frieud!' (cried Eustace transported and embracing him), 'I well knew 'that a short time would bestow on you 'the honour of Knighthood—but alas! 'in Sir Edgar, I fear, I lose my faithful 'esquire.'

'Never! never! my loved master, can I 'be guilty of so much ingratitude! my 'services to you, I hope, will cease but with 'my life,'—and pressing his knee to the ground, he kissed the gallant hero's hand.

Amongst the prisoners they had got, they perceived the Percy, who was ill in his bed; Lord Roslyn, Lord Cromla, Lord Elphin, and Lord Skiddaw; but, alas! on turning to the courts, many of their brave fellows lay dead, Norroy Fitz Bertrand was almost expiring, the Earl of Lanois was no more: Sir Eliss d'Aubigny badly wounded, so was Edward de Mont

St.

St. Clair and Godfrey de Valance: not one, however, were taken prisoners.

When Sir Eustace pitched his tent below on the other side of the Castles, leaving Sir Vortimer to station his party as before, he observed a troop issue from the pass; he was not mounted or prepared to follow them, but he saw enough to convince him that Adela was not among them, and that it consisted of Walter de Segrave and some soldiers.

As he now remained in tranquil ease after the fatigues he had undergone, he soon fell into a deep slumber, from which he awoke not for some time. When he opened his eyes, he was much astonished to see De Lucy sitting in his tent, his countenance o'ercast with melancholy and a tear yet dropping from his cheek. This gallant young noble had for some time past lost much of his usual health and spirits; but to no one would he tell the secret of his heart, and any inquiry only seemed to aggravate

aggravate his grief—his eyes now appeared fixed on Ravensthorn, he sighed deeply, when Eustace arose—

'De Lucy, my earliest friend! why so 'dull?'

De Lucy smiled, and outstretched his hand to the young Knight, but waving an answer to his inquiries, said—

'I am come to inform you of a most 'melancholy catastrophe that has occurred 'to poor Tankerville, although at the 'same time so ludricous, that I fancy you 'will join in the laugh at his misfortune. 'We quite forgot him on our entrance into 'Redwald, and left him perched in the 'tree; when some of De Morthemer's 'adherents recollecting the mischief he 'had done, no sooner found him alone, 'than they ordered him to descend. He 'remained, however, where he was, until 'these cruel monsters began to fell the 'tree on which he sat—poor Tankerville, 'now alarmed, descended. They no sooner

'got

'got him into their possession, than they 'constructed a cage, and confining the 'noble, hand and foot, have placed him 'in it, and suspended him over the chasm '—and, what is still more cruel, they have 'placed him over the fall of the river, 'which roars tremendously beneath him, 'and renders any attempt to release 'him dangerous in the extreme:—poor 'fellow! he is half dead with the fright, 'and, looks most horribly ridiculous in his 'present situation.'

'Poor Tankerville! he must be re-'lieved,' said Eustace, and, taking the arm of De Lucy, proceeded to the Castle.

The news of the taking of Redwald soon reached Wolfnorth; and Sir Philip Fitz Aubrey listened to the exploits of Eustace with admiration and astonishment. The heart of Ethelburga beat high with love, and anxiety to embrace her hero; but, alas! her sorrows seemed to increase with her years, and she passed her days in pining

pining melancholy. Augustine, her kind and affectionate friend, was indeed her constant consolation, and in Father Bertrand she found a kind and soothing adviser. Fitz Alwy was now perfectly recovered, and became a more frequent visitor at Wolfnorth, but the manner of Sir Philip was totally changed to him, he no longer spoke of the marriage with impatience and delight, but as an event that it was the will of Heaven should take place—with sorrow, calmness, and resignation.

Nor did the malignity of Fitz Alwy's manner to her guardian pass unobserved by Ethelburga; a cold chill of fear and horror glided through her frame, as she watched the cruel and triumphant glances of his black eyes; and his voice no longer was listened to with delight, for a deadly language of haughty contempt seemed to flow from his tongue.

Her manner to him was cold and repulsive; but whenever she particularly displayed

played her dislike, he so cruelly exercised his power of wounding her feelings by recalling the words of her father's will, that she endeavoured to conceal as much as possible the hatred with which she regarded him. As he departed one day, he signified his desire of sleeping the following night at Wolfnorth: Ethelburga shuddered, Sir Philip bowed, and calmly returned—

'Your apartments shall be prepared, my 'Lord!'

Fitz Alwy was offended by their coldness, and haughtily departed.

The sadly altered appearance of Fitz Aubrey, plainly told what ravages grief and anxiety were making in his constitution. The placid melancholy of his countenance was now changed to despair, the pale cheek, and sickly smile were succeeded by a ghastly and wan look, and his manner was as sadly altered as his person. He regarded Ethelburga with looks of tender expression,

expression, and he marked the sorrow of the lovely maid with emotions of keen regret.

The halls, the solitudes of this ancient fabric were witnesses of his grief, and echoed the sighs which burst from his oppressed bosom. With folded arms, and downcast look, he paced its many galleries, and called upon the inanimate Falconbergs in vain to avert the sorrows that threatened the lovely daughter of their house. With Father Bertrand he alone found relief to his wounded mind; for this amiable man, whose struggles and miseries chiefly arose from an over-anxiety for the uprightness of his actions, and an urgent wish for the happiness of his Ethelburga, was soothed by the placid reasonings of this amiable friar, and made at peace with his own heart from his approval of his conduct.

Mystery after mystery seemed to envelop the conduct of Fitz Alwy, and some information

information which they obtained from Father Clement respecting his visit to Ignatius, plunged them still deeper in doubt and uncertainty.

Chap. X.

"Blood to him, was a summer stream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own mossy rock."

Ossian.

ENWRAPT in his dark disguise---his hand clenched upon his dirk with a threefold purpose---Fitz Alwy, on the morning of that day he was to go to Wolfnorth, pursued his way to the cell of Father Ignatius.

The escape of Sir Ethelred of Mont Rose, had plunged him into an agony of fury and dismay; but the wrenched bars of his prison had convinced him, that no one had been privy to his escape, save Victor: some days had elapsed since his last visit to Ignatius, and the repentant appeals of this

this ghastly Monk were become so disgusting to him, that had it not been necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose, he would never have seen him more.

On his entrance, the Monk started from the book he was perusing; and reading the dread purpose of his soul in his eyes, he shuddered and groaned involuntarily: Fitz Alwy, however, was too eagerly bent on his purpose, to notice his emotions; and as he placed the lamp upon the table, he impatiently cried—

'Is the mixture ready?'

The Monk returned no answer; he clasped his shadowy hands, and raised his eyes to heaven; when the intemperate repetition of the question seemed to rouse his dormant soul, and drawing from his vest a paper, he exclaimed—

'Oh Ethelmorne! is thy purpose so unchanged? will no pity, whispering in thy bosom, procure for them some respite?'

Ethelmorne eagerly snatched away the paper;

paper; he heeded not the solemn apostrophe of the Monk, but holding the deadly mixture in his hand, and assuming a demoniac smile, he exclaimed in extacy—

'Now, world, oppose me if thou wilt! 'and thou priest-ridden fool, Fitz Aubrey, 'be thou the first to feel the vengeance of 'Mont Eagle.'

Ignatius gazed in silent wonder—horror, astonishment, and despair, were pictured in his awful countenance, and he considered the beauteous form of Fitz Alwy, whose lips had uttered the sentiments of a dæmon, with a disgust which he could not conceal.

'Not so' (he cried in tones of anguish) 'did I first reflect upon the crime of mur- 'der! . . . . . Oh Ethelmorne, Ethel- 'morne! never shall I forget the horror, 'the terrors, the agonies, which tore my 'soul on its first alliance with guilt . . . . 'But thou, young as thou art, canst me- 'ditate three murders with calmness—nay, extacy!

'extacy! . . . Almighty power!—wilt
'not spare thy cousin?'

'Spare him!' (cried Fitz Alwy with a smile of contempt) 'why do you not advise 'me to make him Baron of Mont Eagle? 'to give up to him Ethelburga's hand? 'nay—why not be his servant at the altar? 'and deck his person for the admiring 'bride?

'Ah! ah!' (a horrible laugh of malice and revenge broke from him as he continued) 'Prythee, Father, reserve thy preach-'ing for some one who will list to thee 'with patience—Fitz Aubrey, or Thanet's 'princely Earl! . . . .'

'Thanet! Thanet! oh Christ! what 'didst thou say of Thanet?'

Ignatius had started up wildly from his seat—he gazed for a moment at Fitz Alwy, his eye-balls seemed starting from their sockets—when, outstretching his hand, he pointed to some self-created object, and gazing

gazing on the darkness of his cell, he cried in accents of despair and madness—

'Oh Floriana! Floriana! live—live, a 'little while—I murdered not thy child— 'she lives! Oh, curse me not by the name 'of its destroyer!——'

Then with a piercing groan he sunk senseless in the arms of his astonished auditor. Long was it ere he recovered; horror and despair seemed to have cut short the thread of his existence; but Fitz Alwy, impatient to be gone, urged him to recollect himself, and banish the visions of his distempered brain. No sooner was he capable of conversing, than Fitz Alwy, saying he would send Sebastian to him, was departing, when taking the paper from his bosom, he once more approached Ignatius—

'Is this potion efficacious? is there sufficient for them all?'

A deep groan from Ignatius was his first

first reply; but on his repeating the question, the Monk awfully said—

'Oh, 'tis deadly, deadly! . . . . Once 'more, O Ethelmorne, beware!!' He said this in a voice which almost appalled Fitz Alwy's stout heart—and, unable to bear more, from his impatience as well as from other sensations, he waved his hand with a contemptuous sneer, and smiling as he bowed in mockery said—

'Farewell, holy Father! to thy orisons 'I commend thee——I need them not.'

As he pursued his way back to Mont Eagle, the damp gloomy vaults for a moment struck him with a slight emotion of fear; and as he passed the vaults which turned to the right, he averted his eyes, and hurried forward with an impulse of horror and disgust—he started, as he saw advancing towards him a dusky form, and had scarce power to grasp his dirk, when he was greatly relieved by the voice of Sir Bevis de Wilton.

'My Lord, I came to seek you in alarm—
'the horses have been prepared for Wolf-
'north above an hour.—'

'True, De Wilton, I have been detained
'. . . . . The *guiltless* Father of Augus-
'tine presents with one hand the ready
'prepared potion, and at the same time
'preaches virtue and forbearance! . . . .
'Oh hypocrisy, guilt without thee is not
'hideous! 'tis hypocrisy alone that makes
'it guilt.'

Thus spoke the Baron of Mont Eagle, while the ready villain by his side could scarce retain his smiles, and he muttered to himself, 'Then, noble Baron, thou hast 'guilt enough upon thy conscience.'

'When wilt thou administer the poison,
'my Lord?'

'This night:—'tis slow; for the virtue-
'loving heiress of Falconberg must see her
'dear Fitz Aubrey drop off by gradual
'means. Remember the opinion given in
'the camp, concerning Edwin Montague!

'twas

'twas wise, sagacious, eh!—Morcar must 'not go yet . . . no, I doubt me if he 'shall go by the same means . . . 'twill 'be suspicious . . . ' and the Baron, now taking De Wilton by the arm, conversed of things too dark, too horrible to utter.

At length the Chieftain issued from the dark subterraneous passage of the Castle: he decorated his beautiful person with all imaginable speed; he arranged the snowy plumes upon his helmet with more than usual care, and clasped his embroidered cloak upon his shoulders with a peculiar grace. Smiles of content and happiness adorned his ruby lips, as he gazed upon his own fascinating form—Heaven was in his face, but hell was in his heart. He vaulted on his pawing horse with grace and vigour, and conversed with his esquires, Sir Guy and Sir John, with the most condescending air imaginable.

Sir Philip, who was with Father Bertrand in his study, saw at a distance his

esquires. The steps of the attendants echoed melancholy along the vast pavement in hollow tones.

Fitz Alwy, declaring the party was o'ercast with gloom, playfully seized the vessels of wine from the hands of the attendants, and placed them before him—declaring the steps of the attendants, sounded in the still hall like a church, and begged Ethelburga to let the esquires and pages wait on them. She immediately dismissed the attendants; the minstrels alone remained, who, seated behind the arches, were desired to awake their harps to gay and lively tones. But these forced sallies formed a sad contrast to the countenance of the scene, and was altogether unharmonious with the mournful wind, which sometimes howled at a distance. The evening was dark and showery; murmuring thunders were just distinguishable, unaccompanied even by a single flash of lightning. A dull misty light streamed through

through the painted windows, and the ovely ladies shook with damp and clammy cold. The gay banner, and sumptuous armour, enlivened by a contrast of light and shade, hung on the walls—in the midst of the hall, around the solitary table, sat Ethelburga, Augustine, Father Bertrand, Fitz-Aubrey, and Fitz Alwy. Augustine's lively spirits were chilled; Father Bertrand, venerable and tranquil, sat in secret reflection; and Sir Philip strove in vain to arouse his overcast spirits.

Sir Durant, Sir John, and Sir Guy, sat solitary and silent at the other table: while the little pages, unenlivened by the playful Stanley, the tender Edwin, or the indulgent Eustace—robbed even of their favourite, Sir Morcar—stood in silent awe exchanging looks of piteous chagrin at each other.

The lively strains of the harps, 'stead of exhilarating, seemed to increase the discord of the scene; and on Ethelburga's making this remark, they were dismissed: no sooner, however

however, were they gone, than the dread silence, which was uninterupted save by the approaching thunder, made them almost wish for them again. Fitz Alwy felt the gloom which reigned around, creep into the inmost recesses of his soul; and being determined to dispel it, he began to rally Augustine, and endeavour by his lively sallies to rouse the spirits of Ethelburga; but a novice in physiognomy might have seen that his hilarity was forced; and as he filled the brimming goblets with the purple wine, his hand appeared tremulous and sallow, it was cold and damp, and the lovely flush of health and expectation was banished from his cheek.

It was now uncommonly dark; the distant recesses of the hall were imperceptible, and the wolf dogs, who were kept in the donjon court, sent forth piteous and repeated howls.

'How melancholy!' (cried Augustine, and

and she shuddered,) 'had we not better 'retire to the saloon, and have the fire 'lighted?'

'Yes,' (replied Fitz Alwy) 'one bump-'er more, Sir Philip, and you, holy Fa-'ther, to the Baroness's health, and we will 'quit this scene of dismal splendour.'

Father Bertrand excused himself, but Fitz Alwy was importunate; he delivered the goblets to the pages; but as he gave Oswy his father's, his hand trembled, and he spilled a little of the wine—

'Good my Lord,' (cried the boy) 'the 'Fitz Aubrey, my father, will not have a 'bumper, for your hand shook so, you have 'spilled it . . . will you fill up, my Lord 'Baron?'

Fitz Alwy was discomposed; he, however, made up the deficiency, and the quaffed the beverage even to the last lingering drop!!

Scarcely, however, had they finished the draught, ere a shriek from Augustine

caused Ethelburga to fly to her assistance, as she fell senseless in her arms; while the Knights and Father Bertrand had started from their seats, gazing intently on the dreadful object which presented itself.

It was the armed ghost of Lord Falconberg, which appeared under the canopy at the end of the hall, surrounded by a pale blue light . . . it cast its glaring looks upon Fitz Alwy, and waving its arm thrice in a threatening manner, vanished into air!—

Ethelburga, who stood with her back to the canopy, and who was likewise absorbed in her attendance upon Augustine, had not perceived the awful vision; and on her turning to inquire the cause of their sudden emotion, they seemed with one accord determined to keep it from her knowledge; but when Augustine recovered, she exclaimed—

'Oh! my God, my God! is the appari-
'tion—is the blue light gone?'

'What

'What apparition? what blue light, my love?' returned Ethelburga in surprize.

'Oh Ethelburga, I imagined that I had 'seen an armed figure; but I am positive I 'saw a blue light under yon canopy.'

'It was a flash of lightning,' (interrupted Fitz Alwy) 'I saw it, it was a flash of 'forked lightning——' with a smile.

'Pardon me, my Lord—it was *not* light-'ning that I saw, I am convinced.'

'What could it be then, my love?——' returned Ethelburga with a smile, and fully convinced that it was lightning.

Augustine saw that the young Baroness had not perceived the transaction, and her excellent understanding convinced her of the propriety of not alarming her—

'It might be lightning, certainly—' she exclaimed, at the same time casting a glance of scorn and horror upon Fitz Alwy—'but, however, this place is dis-

'mal;

'mal; I am alarmed and uncomfortable, 'let us quit it.'

As they prepared to depart, a dreadful flash of lightning illumined the hall.

'There!' (cried Fitz Alwy) 'there is 'another flash! 'tis easy to perceive that it 'was lightning' . . . . . as he spoke, however, another flash, more vivid than the first, accompanied by a dreadful thunderbolt, struck him senseless against one of the immense piers, and for some moments he was stunned; when, recovering his senses, he laughed at the incident, and accompanied them carelessly into the saloon.

The evening passed tediously away. Fitz Alwy, as he wished his devoted victims good night, felt a powerful and deadly chill pervade his frame — his hand was damp and icy as Sir Philip received it, and sleep for many hours hovered not o'er his pillow; while his fevered imagination, oft-times

oft-times presented to him the ghost of the departed Falconberg.

Two days from this event, as Ethelburga and Augustine were wandering by the moat, on the eastern side of the Castle, they saw a troop of horse and foot soldiers approaching Wolfnorth from Redwald, and Ravensthorn—

Ethelburga called to Sir Philip, who was above, to observe them; when, after considering them for a few moments, he exclaimed—

'Good God! 'tis De Mowbray with his 'troops—and a litter is borne by them—'

'A litter!' pronounced the pale lips of Ethelburga, 'perhaps 'tis Eustace! . . . ' and, unable to support the supposition, she sunk into the arms of Augustine, who, scarcely less alarmed than herself, thought on Stanley.

The horns now sounded at the gates, and shouts of victory rung the air—Ethelburga revived; she knew her cousin's love for

for Eustace was so great, that conquest, at the price of his life, would be to him an unwelcome triumph. She quickly returned with Augustine into the Castle, and the trembling girls endeavoured to compose their agitated and anxious minds—but the heart of Sir Philip died within his breast, as he observed several litters borne mournfully along, and marked the countenance of Sir Morcar, although evidently victorious, overclouded by melancholy. Incapable was the good Warden to descend the staircase—'Oh my brother!' he murmured, trembling at the idea of his death—when that much-loved brother rushed into his arms.

'We are victorious!' (cried the blood-stained Stanley) 'we are victorious, but 'the prize is dearly bought——' a tear rolled down his cheek.

'Is Eustace dead?'——falteringly asked Sir Philip.

'No, thank God!' (fervently exclaimed the

the young hero,) 'Eustace, our chieftain, 'our beloved leader, is not dead;——but 'my poor Augustine! my poor Augus-'tine!—alas! Eliss is no more——and 'who, who shall tell it to my love?' (cried young Stanley, as he wept aloud) 'who 'shall wound my Augustine's affectionate 'heart with the tale?——'

'By whose hand fell the poor youth?' (asked the afflicted Fitz Aubrey)'

'Oh, 'twas a monstrous deed! a dread-'ful, dreadful deed!' (replied young Stanley shuddering,) 'the tale is long and vile. 'Eustace is sorely wounded—so is De 'Mowbray—to them we owe the victory 'entirely—Eustace is more than mortal— 'poor Tankerville is gone—so is Godfrey 'of Valance—de Montford—Henry of Re-'thes—Sir Leonard de Beauchamp, and 'the gallant Comte de Mar—all, all fell 'by the accursed treachery which destroyed 'poor D'Aubigny!——'

Sir Philip shuddered—

'De

'De Lucy is wounded most desperately,' (continued young Fitz Aubrey), 'and Ed-'win, our poor Edwin, is little better than 'a corpse — not however from wounds. 'Sir Vortimer is gone to Elfwold; Adela 'is here by this time, and De Mowbray 'pants to embrace you.'

Stanley ceased, overcome by fatigue, and hurried to his apartments to change his apparel; his figure, however, had caught the eye of Augustine in the gallery; she flew to him, and flung herself into his arms—

'Oh my Augustine!' (he exclaimed, and clasped her fervently to his bosom) 'and may thy warrior, blood-stained as he 'is, press you to his fond heart?

'Are you not Stanley *still?* —' (she cried, and gazed tenderly on him) 'but 'where is Eliss? where is my dear bro-'ther? Oh God! you are pale! you gaze 'on me with tears, oh merciful angels and 'saints! . . . . my brother! . . . . my

'poor

'poor brother is no more! . . . . ' His countenance confirmed her fears, her heart ceased to throb, and with a look of unutterable agony, she fell senseless in his arms.

Ethelburga had received to her bosom the emaciated form of Adela de Warrenne; who, horror-struck by the bloody scene she had witnessed, was conveyed to her room, almost as senseless as Augustine: she wept as she told o'er the names of the gallant youths, whom she had seen lying dead, and wounded in the courts of the Border Castles, and her agitated frame could with difficulty compose itself to slumber.

No sooner did Ethelburga hear of the loss Augustine had sustained, than she flew with tender solicitude to her unhappy friend: she had heard that Eustace was riding to the Castle, but little did she imagine that her lover was scarcely able to support his wounded body.

The moment Fitz Alwy heard of the conquest Sir Morcar had obtained, he ordered

ordered his steeds, and quitted the Castle: he left with Sir Durant an apparently ample apology for the abruptness of his departure; but his motive was easily to be defined, notwithstanding the veil he endeavoured to cast over it.

Affectionately did the Baroness attend her mourning friend, and left her only to take her place at the banquet table: but when on seating herself she saw not Eustace, her fears grew almost insupportable, and she gazed on her noble cousin with a look of anxious inquiry. Edwin, although he graced the table, was so much altered she scarcely knew him; few, very few days seemed the allotment of his melancholy career in life! but there was a tender grief, a placid serenity in his manner, a seemingly calm resignation to death—nay, even a smile of welcome to its summons, which melted each observer into tears. Sir Philip had been infinitely shocked on his first

appearance,

appearance, and he sat gazing on him with looks of frightful despair.

Sir Morcar now filled a bumper to the recovery of the wounded, and then another for peace to the souls of the departed. A tear mingled with the draught, and the soul of friendship beamed in his fine countenance. The Baroness now, with a faltering tongue, demanded an account of his enterprize.

'That will I give, my fair cousin,' (he said), 'because it will tell the tale of grati-'tude I owe to the brave Sir Eustace and 'his friends——but alas! 'tis sad to have 'to repeat the massacre of so many brave 'fellows.

'After we possessed Redwald, our means 'of annoying Ravensthorn were indeed 'great; but as they had drawn up the draw-'bridge of their Castle, and had broken 'down the bridge of ours, there was still 'wanting some method of getting into 'Ravensthorn. My beloved Adela, I found,

'was

'was confined in a tower which looked
'towards the north, and it was altogether
'inaccessible. Poor Tankerville had been
'placed by his malicious enemies in a cage,
'and we hesitated in what manner to free
'him, but Eustace contrived it as follows:
'The cage was tied by a slight cord to the
'end of a pole, suspended over the hideous
'chasm that divided Redwald from Ra-
'vensthorn; and which every moment
'threatened to give way, and hurl the un-
'fortunate chieftain to instant destruction.
'No sooner had Eustace considered his
'dangerous station, than he affected to de-
'spond of relieving him—but it was only
'affected, for no sooner had night enve-
'loped each surrounding object, than he,
'Edgar, and three brave fellows were let
'down by cords to the midst of the chasm,
'and they there fastened nets in such a
'manner, as to defy any power to break
'them; and then being drawn up, he, as
'soon as dawn permitted, aimed many sharp

'pointed

'pointed arrows at the knot which attached 'the cage to the pole, and the terrified 'Tankerville was caught in the net. He 'was almost dead for want of sustenance--- 'but his release, poor fellow, was of little 'avail; for on the following day, as he 'descended to see Sir Eustace, a party of 'De Morthemer's vassals seized him, and, 'being exasperated at his release, they had 'the cool barbarity to hang him, poor un- 'fortunate, with this remark—that, since 'Sir Eustace did not choose him to hang '*in* a cage, they would see if he preferred 'his hanging without one.'

'Monsters!—' exclaimed the pallid Ethelburga; and Sir Philip, whose generous nature could not have conceived so much cruelty could exist in the mind of man, trembled as he pronounced—

'Inhuman barbarians! God's vengeance 'will surely o'ertake them.'

Sir Morcar continued—

'We had now planned the last desperate 'attack:

'attack: a small party of heroes were to 'ascend the opposite heights by means of 'ropes, and were to defend a bridge which 'we had constructed to cast across the 'chasm; the enemy, no doubt, imagined 'that our plan was matured for their defeat 'when they put in practice the infamous 'plan which ended in the destruction of 'so many brave fellows. A soldier be-'longing to their Castle was seen making 'signs to us with the utmost caution; we 'sent Sir Vortimer to parley with him; 'and the man assured him that he was 'ready, for a small reward, to let down the 'bridge of Ravensthorn over the chasm, 'and admit our troops. We duly weighed 'the matter, but the advantages appeared 'so great, that we accepted of his offer; 'and intended to make use of our own 'bridge likewise, in order that the separate 'forces might assist each other.

'In the intermediate time, Eustace had 'rendered me a service that my life cannot 'repay;

'repay; for he frustrated a plan laid by 'De Morthemer, to rob me completely of 'my Adela—

'He was reposing with De Lucy one day 'in his tent, when Edgar approached him 'and declared that a large body of De 'Morthemer's forces were pouring from 'the Castle, and that their numbers were so 'great, he feared the party below would 'be unable to resist them—

'This, then, cried the gallant youth, is a 'desperate plan, to convey the Lady Adela 'de Warrenne beyond the reach of her 'friends——To arms! to arms! my gal-'lant fellows; bring me my horse, and fly 'to the other parties, urge them instantly 'to join me.

'The gallant youth soon was at the head 'of his little party, and they arrested the 'De Morthemers as they emerged from 'the rocks. They were, however, prepared 'for them, and a dreadful battle com-'menced; the party of Sir Eustace was

'annoyed

'annoyed from the rocks by the quarrels 'and arrows of the enemy, who were at 'least thrice their number, and hurled 'their stones with skill and judgment. 'Eustace endeavoured to fight his way to 'my Adela, hoping to gain possession of 'her, and restore her to my arms—the hero 'bears five wounds, the marks of his bravery 'in my cause.

'In vain, however, was his valour and 'good conduct; for the De Morthemers, 'seing the gallant opposition made to them, 'retreated into their fortress, and restored 'my beloved to her solitary tower.

'We were now determined immediately 'to strike the decisive blow; the centinel 'with whom we had parleyed, was to let 'down the drawbridge at a signal agreed 'upon; Eustace and myself were to ascend 'by the ropes to protect the bridge we had 'ourselves constructed; we chose this as 'the post of danger—alas! the event proved 'otherwise.

'We

'We intended to throw over our bridge,
'at the distance of about 100 yards from the
'other, in order to divide and disunite the
'forces of the enemy; Eustace and myself
'had already ascended the opposite side—
'when (my God!) what could equal the
'horror of our feelings, to perceive the
'drawbridge give way, and our allies hurled
'into everlasting destruction! The trea-
'cherous De Morthemer, or some of his
'party, had loosened the rocks and earth
'on which rested the drawbridge; the
'chains they filed asunder—Sir Eliss headed
'the expedition, with the knights who
'formed a part of Sir Vortimer's squadron,
'De Montford, Henry of Rothes, and
'many others; but the moment the bridge
'was laden, the treacherous centinel hurled
'them to instant destruction; and those
'brave fellows who were not killed by the
'fall, died by the arrows of the enemy,
'levelled at them from above.

'Twas horrible! most horrible!

'Driven to madness by this inhuman 'destruction of our friends, we sustained 'our footing against violence and numbers; 'in vain they strove to force into the chasm 'our troops, who poured in upon them on 'every side, and soon cut their way to the 'prison of my Adela.

'The brave De Mar fell, covered with a 'thousand wounds! and left behind him a 'name untarnished by a single dishonour-'able action!—'

A tear trembled in the warrior's eye——

'To you, my fair cousin, I know the 'repetition of a scene of carnage is but ill 'contrived to please; I therefore cease: 'but I must declare, that the courage of 'my friends, manifested on this occasion, 'surpassed any thing I ever beheld. I saw 'a Charlemagne, a Godfrey of Boulogne, 'even in every uncrested soldier, fighting 'by my side, and we gained our victory in

'the

'the most splendid and honourable man-
'ner.

'One circumstance I must remark;
'when the accursed bridge fell, which
'hurled so many laurelled warriors to their
'fate, Ithona loudly called to the centinels
'—Fools! you are too soon, neither De
'Mowbray or Fitz Arnulf were on the
'bridge! — from which exclamation 'tis
'plain to discover, *who* contrived the hellish
'scheme, and whom it was intended to
'destroy.—

'Sir Eustace—' (Sir Morcar turned with an expressive glance to Ethelburga,) 'Sir Eustace was at one time surrounded 'by foes, whom I suspect had purposely 'drawn him into danger. It was here 'that he received those severe wounds 'which now keep him absent from the fes-'tive board—but at the same time, I am 'happy to declare, that our good Abbot 'has pronounced them not dangerous.'

As

As Sir Morcar ceased, the colour which had fled affrighted from the cheek of Ethelburga, returned; and having congratulated her cousin on his conquest, she retired to the saloon. Sir Edwin Montague attended her; but when he gained the room, a ghastly hue overspread his features, and he tottered to a seat — Ethelburga, greatly alarmed at his emaciated appearance, tenderly approached him, and chafed his pale transparent temples.

'Alas! Sir Edwin,' (she cried) 'how is 'it I see you thus? I had hoped your health 'was improving—lift up your head, poor 'youth—What, Edwin, is your malady? 'have you proper advice and assistance? 'what is Father Bertrand's opinion?—'

The lovely faded blossom before her, lifted its sunken though beautiful eyes to her face—the hue of death was on a countenance, around which the auburn ringlets hung wild and dishevelled—

'Oh

'Oh Lady!' (he faintly but tenderly said)—'or oh my Ethelburga!—for the 'grave, which will soon enfold me in its 'cold embrace, will level all distinctions! '——accept the warmest gratitude of a 'broken heart—my disease is beyond the 'power of art or medicine, nor do I wish it 'were not so: death to me is a prospect of 'bliss! life hath nothing to bestow . . . . 'Death brings with it oblivion to all my 'woes! . . . Weep not, Lady! weep not, 'my Ethelburga—' (he pressed her hand to his fainting heart)—'This heart, Ethel-'burga! hath ever been faithful to its hap-'less passion—that passion, that sweet de-'licious passion, which hath at length con-'sumed it———Nor would I, for all the 'blessings life can boast, yield up one atom 'of the misery—the anguish that I suffer! '——My day is near its close! my sun is 'set! nor do I wish it ere to rise again, 'unless to render thee some trifling service; 'yes—thee and Eustace! . . . . . '

A mist

A mist seemed to pass over his eye, and Ethelburga, as his pale beauteous head sunk upon her shoulder, feared indeed his sun was set for ever! She shrieked his name—

'Live, oh live! for me . . . for me and 'Eustace!'

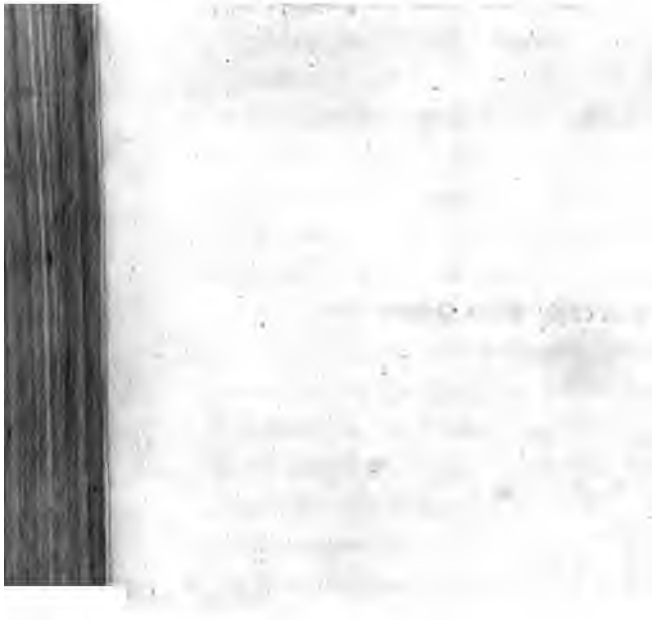
No sound answered her piteous voice—her shrieks called Sir Philip to the apartment, he flew to her.

'Edwin is dead!'—she cried in wild accents. At that moment the fainting lovely youth re-opened his azure eyes. Sir Philip's tears had bathed his cheek; he gently raised his head from the shoulder of Ethelburga, and clasping his pale emaciated hands, he raised his eyes to heaven, where the sun was sinking in the west, and softly murmured—

'Now, my luckless parent, thy unhappy 'child shall join thy shades in peace!——'

He cast a look of mingled resignation and adoration on the weeping Baroness, and

and slowly left the chamber with Fitz Aubrey; who, trembling for the life of his darling Edwin — his beloved kinsman — could not again be torn from his pillow.

End of the Third Volume.

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